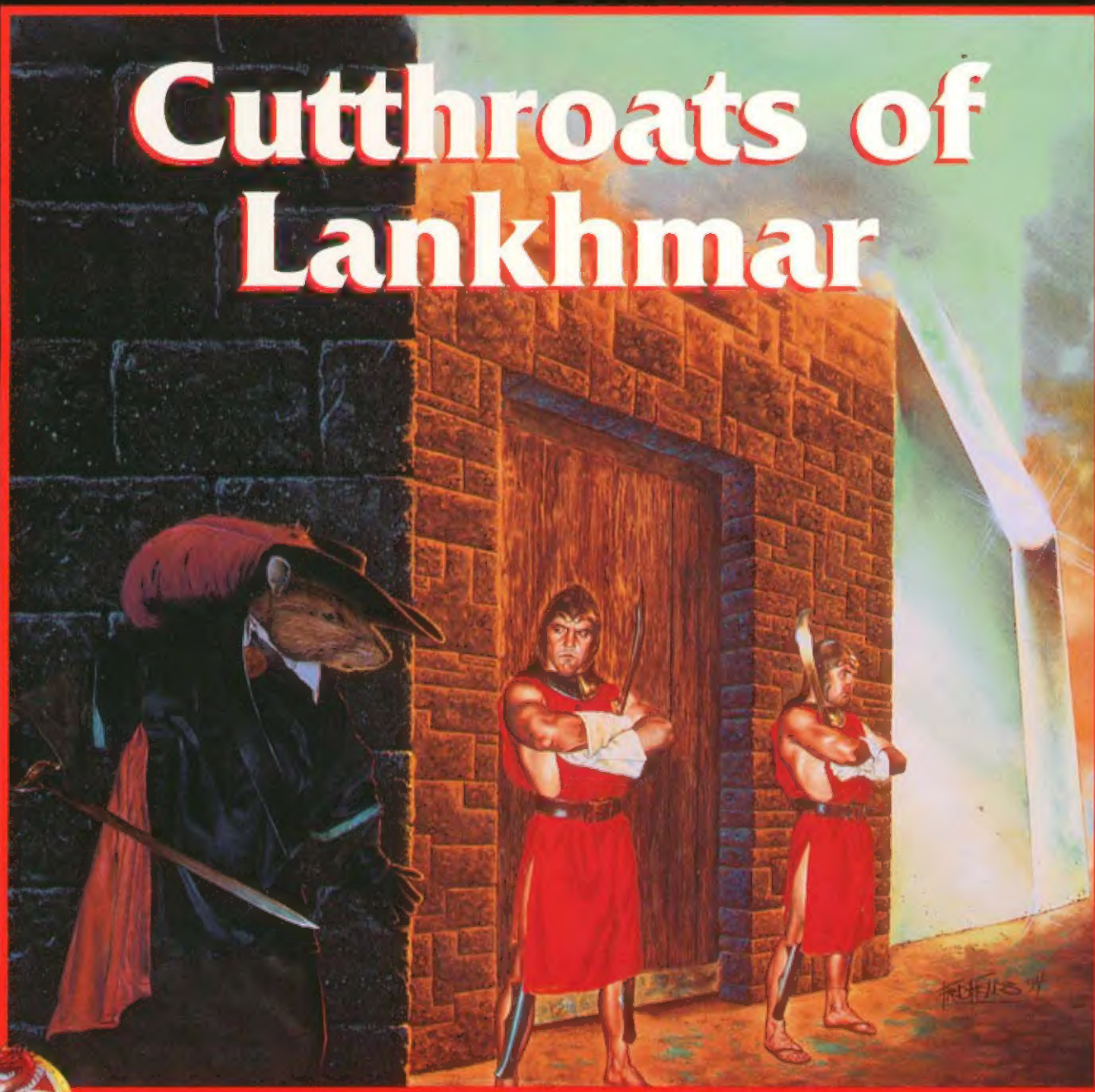


LANKHMAR[™]

Official Game Accessory

Cutthroats of Lankhmar



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]

2nd Edition

Official Game
Accessory

Cutthroats of Lankhmar

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for being there during the rewrite.

Dedication: To the memory of Fritz Leiber.
Nehwon is his world; the rest of us are simply visitors.

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In this book, your group of brave adventurers will find many new places and people in the streets of Lankhmar. *Cutthroats of Lankhmar* focuses in particular on the Cash, River, Mercantile, Park, and Festival districts of the City of Thieves.

Some of the places and people described herein are friendly, even benign, while others are inimical or downright dangerous. Some may be either, depending on the heroes' actions. All contain some hint of adventure, and most contain more than that.

Note that the numbers on the full-color map add to those in the pertinent districts introduced in *Lankhmar: City of Adventure*.

Who Should Read This Book

The material in this book is designed specifically for the Dungeon Master (DM). It contains background information which players should not possess. Indeed, the purpose of the book is to provide adventures that let the player characters develop as they discover the information herein. If you are running an adventurer in a Lankhmar campaign, do not read past this page! Still, there is no reason why you should not have a copy of this book to complete your library. After you have explored the regions of Lankhmar detailed in this book, it will be a handy reference for contacts and possible adventures your adventurers may wish to undertake in the future.

The Players

Most of the mini-adventures in this book can be adapted for all sorts of heroes. There are notes at the end of the book which provide directions for changing the adventures to suit heroes of any level, class, and alignment.

A Rules Overview of LANKHMAR™

There are several differences between campaigns run in LANKHMAR™ and other AD&D® game worlds. Most notably, spell casters are divided into two groups: white

wizards (which equate roughly to normal AD&D clerics) and black wizards (which equate roughly to normal AD&D wizards).

A full explanation of the differences between campaigns in LANKHMAR and other AD&D settings can be found in Chapter Two of *Lankhmar: City of Adventure*.

Magical items are rare in Lankhmar. Due to this, all magical items are valued at a minimum of five times the experience point value as found in the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide*. Possession of even a simple magical item is likely to attract the attention of those whose means of income are less than honest.

Role-Playing Guidelines

As this book details people and places that are well established in Lankhmar, simply hacking away at everything is nonproductive and will likely get the adventurers killed. This, combined with the scarcity of magical items, may slow down the advancement of the heroes to the point where the players become disinterested. The lack of experience points won in the usual ways can be offset, at least partly, by awarding extra experience for good role-playing.

A successful exercise in resolving a confrontation via diplomacy should be rewarded just like a successful combat. Even an unsuccessful attempt at a peaceful solution to a problem should be rewarded, provided the DM is satisfied the attempt was genuine.

Pay particular attention to the social levels of the heroes. Players should use their own adventurers rather than FAFHRD™ or the GRAY MOUSER™. The DM should only use these two as plot devices, to help a party escape a difficult situation. Be careful not to have these champions appear too often, or the players will come to expect that their characters will always be rescued in the nick of time.

Finally, the establishments and people detailed in this book can be readily adapted to nearly any fantasy world if your campaign is not based in Lankhmar.

The Red Scarves

There are many gangs in the Mercantile District of Lankhmar, and none is more feared than the notorious Red Scarves, for good reason.

The Red Scarves are known to have links with the Slayers' Brotherhood. Those business people who do not accept the Scarves' "protection" frequently end up face down in the Hlal River or plagued by unexplainable fires. Their heirs are often more reasonable than their forebears—assuming that the place of business wasn't also destroyed at the same time the former owner died.

The Scarves claim to run the entire Mercantile District, although this is hotly disputed by the rival Blue Shirts and Night Crew gangs and, of course, the Thieves' Guild. What the Scarves do control, more or less, is the three central blocks of the district, from Silver Street to Pimp Street above Craft Street and from Gold Street to Pimp Street below Craft Street.



As their name implies, gang members can be easily identified by the red scarf they wear around their necks. Male members tend to wear them in a kerchief fashion, while the few female members wear their scarves tied at the neck and draped behind the shoulders.

The Thieves' Guild tolerates the gang's activities only because of the close ties between the Slayers' Brotherhood and the Scarves. It also doesn't hurt that this gang is not as powerful as they would have people think. As long as the Red Scarves think they're in control and the Thieves' Guild knows that the Guild really is, everyone is happy.

The gang's exact numbers are not known, as they vary from day to day. The average number of members is 24, but there may be as few as 16 or as many as 40 at any time. Once inducted, no one leaves the gang until death releases them. The few who have tried to leave were killed soon after their departure, their hands and ears cut off and left beside the bodies.

The Red Scarves' headquarters is a ramshackle, three-story building on Gold Street, a little north of Craft Street (#24 in the Mercantile District). The wooden frame of its front door is surrounded by imbedded knife blades, but these are too dull to cut anyone who casually touches them.

For protection, many local street peddlers set up shop on the lower floor of the gang's home. For a fee of one agol, the peddler may hawk his or her wares for a day, free of the worry of thieves and other criminals. No weapons may be worn or carried inside the building, except by gang members.

Although they have the backing of the Slayers, the Red Scarves are not greedy. Each merchant, trader, or guild in their territory pays the gang between one and two percent of their gross income in return for protection from common thieves. The crime rate in the Red Scarves' territory is much lower than in most other areas of Lankhmar, and the gang has a steady income, even if it isn't a huge one. They discovered long ago that trying to extort large sums of money from people who

don't have any is nonproductive. After all, it is much less work to get small sums, which are not such a burden to their "clients," most of whom are also paying the Thieves' Guild for protection.

The Scarves are led by Sciran, a weedy man with lightning reflexes and a sharp dagger. Sciran's face is pockmarked from some childhood disease, and almost everyone looks away in disgust the first time they see him. He stands 5'3" and might weigh 130 pounds soaking wet. His green eyes are cold and strangely vacant. Sciran's black hair is so straggly he is often mistaken for a beggar. He deliberately does nothing to improve his appearance, since he can more easily frighten prospective "clients" with his shabby looks. He always uses a dagger in combat and will attempt to backstab any opponent in preference to a fair fight.

Sciran

T5; SL 3; AL CE; AC 6 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 21; THAC0 16 (with dagger); #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (+2 due to *dagger* +2); Str 10; Dex 18; Con 11; Int 16; Wis 14; Cha 6

Sciran's lieutenant is Bretan, a large brute who does a lot of the enforcing in the area. Bretan has brown hair and large muscles and turns most ladies' heads wherever he goes. Still, his brown eyes show only a dying spark of intelligence. His 6'6" frame has scarcely an ounce of excess fat. His job is to inflict pain or even death on the Scarves' foes. Bretan has a price on his head of 80 smerduks. This was first offered by the Blue Shirts, but it's been matched by the Night Crew. Both gangs have lost too many members to his huge hands and his long sword.

Bretan

F4; SL 2; AL NE; AC 8 (due to armor); MV 12; hp 43; THAC0 14; Dmg 1d8 (long sword, +6 due to Strength) or 1d6 (bare hands, +6 due to Strength); Str 18/00; Dex 13; Con 17; Int 5; Wis 6; Cha 14

Adventure Hook

The Red Scarves are constantly in conflict with their two rivals, the Blue Shirts and the Night Crew. They have recently come into possession of a magical weapon which will tip the balance in their favor.

It is not in anyone's interest except the Red Scarves' to let this happen. The Slayers' Brotherhood wants the item for itself, the Thieves' Guild doesn't want any gang to get too powerful, Midnight isn't happy with the Red Scarves gaining an advantage, and the city guards are terrified the weapon will be used against them.

On top of all that, every adventuring company in Lankhmar wants "it," even though nobody knows exactly what the item is.

All the party has to do to gain the mysterious item is to get to the Red Scarves before any other group does. Alternatively, they can take a commission from another group to obtain the item. Either guild will pay 1,000 gold rilks to whoever delivers it safely, plus one-third of the sale price. Midnight will pay a flat fee of 3,000 gold rilks.

There are at least three other adventuring groups after the item, and a number of adventurers have disappeared recently.

The problem with obtaining the item is that its existence is a hoax! Sciran cooked up the idea so that well-laden adventurers would enter his territory, ripe for the plucking. A careful party can find this out by surveying the streets for a day or two and watching what happens to lone adventurers or even groups of two or three: they are robbed of their possessions and their lives by overwhelming numbers of Red Scarves.

This information can be sold to either guild or to Midnight for 1,500 gold rilks, or the PCs may wish to beat the Scarves at their own game. They are evil and deserve no mercy. Up to 7,500 rilks worth of goods are stored in the gang's headquarters.

The Pipling Performers

The Festival District is populated with folk out to have a good time, and those who provide the good time. Among the many street shows, the Pipling Performers are ranked somewhere around the middle. They are very good at their craft, but not showy enough to really make it big.

And that's just how they like it. The troupe members are all female and Lankhmarts by birth, and they own their homes rather than rent them. They are also all highly skilled thieves who use their daytime performances to scout likely marks for the evening, when their real work is done.

Naturally, all of the women are members of the Society of Joyous and Sorrowful Comedians, Rapturous Playactors, Graceful Dancers, and Melodious Songsters as well as being paid-up members of the Thieves' Guild.

They don't really care for either group, but they realize they have no choice but to pay their guild fees if they want to stay in business in the City of the Black Toga.

The usual method of picking a mark for the troupe is to look for lone men, or a group of no more than four men, who look well off. The mark is given special attention during the show and is expected to ask at least one of the members to join him for dinner or perhaps some nocturnal activities. This is all part of the job, and the chosen member (or members) generally gets a good meal out of the victim before stealing whatever he has that's worth taking.

Although most of their victims realize they have been had, few seek revenge. It might be because they were robbed by a woman and don't want the embarrassment, or it might be that they just don't think they can prove their claim. The Slayer's Brotherhood won't take any job that involves muscling in on the troupe, since several prominent Slayers have at least one of the girls as a lover.

Each of the troupe's members has her own specialty in entertainment. They are all described in detail below.

Croan

B6; SL 4; AL N; AC 6 (due to Dexterity and a *ring of protection* +2); MV 12; hp 21; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); Str 11; Dex 16; Con 12; Int 18; Wis 12; Cha 13

At 23, Croan is the least attractive of the troupe, but few folk notice her looks when they hear her play the lute, her favorite instrument. Its melodies in her hands are hypnotic.

Her raven hair is long, and she has dark eyes. In any other company, she would be considered pretty or even beautiful. It is only in comparison to her companions that she seems rather plain.

She is 5'6" tall and weighs about 130 pounds. Croan's music lingers in the minds of her audience for days after the last chord is played.

Lookar

T5; SL 4; AL CG; AC 6 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); Str 12; Dex 18, Con 11; Int 13; Wis 13; Cha 15

Lookar is a juggler who can handle up to six dissimilar objects, as long as they are similarly weighted, or she can handle up to ten identical objects.

At 21, she has a lithe body and is very pretty. Her hair is slightly red and her eyes are green. Lookar is tall at 5'11", and she weighs a petite 143 pounds.

Pipling

T7; SL 5; AL CG; AC 7 (due to *ring of protection* +3); MV 12; hp 31; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); Str 13; Dex 14; Con 13; Int 13; Wis 14; Cha 17

Pipling is a 24-year-old dancer and the leader of the troupe (she founded it, of course). She is an excellent dancer and stunningly beautiful. Many men have fallen under Pipling's

almost hypnotic spell. Her short, blonde hair and gray eyes are hard to resist, and few men have been known to try.

Zurcan

T5; SL 4; AL NG; AC 7 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); Str 11; Dex 17; Con 10; Int 13; Wis 10; Cha 18

Zurcan is also a dancer, but she specializes in the exotic dances of the Eastern lands. She normally dresses with an eastern flair and wears filmy garments with lots of veils. At 25, she is the most beautiful woman in the troupe, possibly in the entire city or even all of Nehwon.

Zurcan is only 5'2" tall, and everything about her exudes pure class, from her manner to her bearing. Her hair is brown and matches her eyes, and she weighs in at a well-muscled 100 pounds.

Quellin and Vamda

T5; SL 5; AL CN; AC 4 (due to Dexterity and bracers of defense AC 7); MV 12; hp 19; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger) or 1d6 (long bow); Str 10; Dex 17; Con 10; Int 12; Wis 15; Cha 16 – each.

Quellin and Vamda are twin sisters who are both tumblers and acrobats. They do an amazing double act which is possible only because of the sixth sense that many twins seem to share.

This same sense ensures that they always dress alike, even though they live in separate houses. Their appearances are identical. Both are 20 years old, 5'4" tall and have shoulder-length, brunette hair and hazel eyes that always flicker with mischief.

The only difference between them is that Quellin weighs 120 pounds and Vamda weighs 118 pounds, but you would have to look very closely to spot the difference.

Adventure Hooks

1. The troupe's luck has finally run out. Their latest marks, a pair of merchants from Sarheenmar, have vowed vengeance on the twins for robbing them. They want some freelancers to punish the twins by death or disfigurement—they don't care which. The troupe knows of the threat because their lovers in the Slayers' Brotherhood warned them.

The heroes have two options. They can be hired by the troupe (or the Slayers) to guard the twins. The hiring fee is one silver smerduk per person per day. Bonus payments for a successful mission should be 15 gold rilks per person.

Alternatively, one or more party members can become involved with one or more of the performers. In this case, the job is the same, but is no cash payment.

In either case, the people sent to hurt the girls should be slightly tougher than the heroes, but should number one less than the number of adventurers.

Saving the troupe raises the heroes' social status by one level, but a party which fails to protect the girls will come to the unwelcome attention of the Slayers' Brotherhood.

2. A male hero has been chosen as the mark by the troupe. This encounter could develop in different ways: the hero may realize he's being had and avoid the theft or the theft might succeed and the heroes seek retribution.

An even more intriguing possibility is that a troupe member ends up liking the character and tries to stop the theft. This could be more fun if a couple of the performers decide that they want out of the troupe. Eventually, their lovers from the Slayers' Brotherhood will hear about it, and they (quite understandably) won't be happy about losing these fantastic women to the adventurers.

The Blue Shirts

The three westernmost blocks of the Mercantile District are controlled by the Blue Shirts gang, a training ground for the Thieves' Guild. Like most gangs in Lankhmar, the Blue Shirts lay claim to more territory than they really control. In their case, they claim the whole of the Mercantile District, but in reality, they hold the area from Nun Street to Silver Street above Craft Street, and from Nun Street to Gold Street below Craft Street.

The membership of the Blue Shirts varies from about 15 up to 50 at any time, and it is impossible for even the gang leaders to tell accurately. Gang members, once recruited, can leave the group in only two ways—though death or by being accepted into the Thieves' Guild. Members who attempt to defect are hunted down and killed.

As you might expect, gang members can be easily identified by the color of their shirts. The shade varies wildly, depending on how long a member has been in the gang, but it is always blue.

As the gang is a kind of nursery for the Thieves' Guild, females are officially banned from joining. In practice, they can join the gang but then can never leave, as the Thieves' Guild will never accept them. Most female gang members joined because their current lover was in the gang and they wanted to be a part of whatever he was doing.

Within the area they control, the Blue Shirts collect the monthly protection money for the Thieves' Guild, and they sometimes try to collect the money in the areas run by the Red Scarves or the Night Crew. This guarantees trouble between the gangs, but the Blue Shirts don't really mind, since it is the Red Scarves who have rival gangs on both sides of them. With the Scarves caught in the middle of a vicious two-fronted war, the Blue Shirts hope to win control of at least some of the Red Scarves' territory. If they can eliminate the Red Scarves, the Blue Shirts can deal with the Night Crew one block at a time.

The current gang leader is Merej, an 18-year-old street kid who can look after himself pretty well. After all, he's been on the streets of Lankhmar ever since he can remember, and he's done all right so far. He is waiting for the Guild to accept him, and he knows that he is more than qualified to join, but he hasn't realized that his value to them is far greater as the leader of the Blue Shirts. He can assuredly keep control of the gang for a few more years, at least until the younger members decide he's too old to be considered an up-and-coming thief any more.

Merej has taken a blood oath of vengeance against Bretan, the second in command of the Red Scarves. For Merej's sake, someone else should get to Bretan first, since Merej would stand no chance against his larger and stronger opponent.

Merej

T2; SL 3; AL CN; AC 7 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 10; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1D8 (long sword); Str 11; Dex 17; Con 10; Int 14; Wis 13; Cha 10

Merej's lieutenant is Wodill, a weedy customer who is a spy from the Thieves' Guild, sent to keep an eye on Merej and scout for new talent that needs to be nurtured. He also watches for attempted takeovers by Midnight's gang (see *Thieves of Lankhmar* for more about Midnight and her band).

He is not interested in taking Merej's job, as the second in command isn't such a target for an assassination or beating as the leader is. His loyalty is first and foremost to the guild, and the gang comes a poor second, although Wodill takes great pains to keep this from the rest of the members, especially Merej.

Wodill

T4; SL 3; AL CN; AC 8 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 15; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); Str 10; Dex 16; Con 9; Int 16; Wis 14; Cha 9

The Blue Shirts' highest-ranking female member is Marissa, a brash, young woman who joined the gang five years ago with her then-lover. She has been unable to leave since.

Marissa is the longest-serving female in the gang, which is one reason why she is the highest-ranking woman. Also, no one has challenged her position and lived. Her station is equivalent to that of a trusted lieutenant, but she isn't accorded that much respect in public, as that would jeopardize the polite fiction of "males only" in the gang.

The female gang members wear shirts like the males, not blouses, but they aren't allowed to go on the collection runs or to openly wear their blue shirts in public. They generally keep watch while the males collect the protection money.

Marissa

F4; SL 3; AL N; AC 10; MV 12; hp 15; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); Str 14; Dex 14; Con 12; Int 14; Wis 13; Cha 12



Adventure Hooks

1. The Blue Shirts are at almost constant war with the Red Scarves. They have no love for the Night Crew but encounter them less often, as their territories share no border.

As with any gang, there is always an opening for a new member, especially one who wants to hurt a rival gang by killing one of its leaders. A Blue Shirt's standing in the gang is enhanced if he maims a rival gang member rather than killing him.

The low morals of the gang mean the player characters may wish to wipe them out on behalf of their rivals or just because no decent folk would miss them.

2. The Blue Shirts are offering a reward of 80 smerduks for the head of Bretan of the Red Scarves. A bonus of a further 70 smerduks from the Blue Shirts will be paid if Sciran's head is delivered as well.

Getting to Sciran and Bretan is not difficult—they are often in the gang's headquarters. The entrance is through a narrow door which must be closed for the next one to open. Killing the leaders is a little harder, since the rest of the gang will fight to protect Sciran, and Bretan can take care of himself.

Red Scarf gang members are 2nd-level thieves and fighters. The thieves have short swords, 9 hit points, and THAC0 of 20. The fighters have long swords, 19 hit points, and THAC0 of 19. All wear padded armor, AC 8.

A successful strike against the Red Scarves will earn an increase in social level throughout the Mercantile District, as well as the chance to take over their territory. Any attempted takeover will attract the attention of the Night Crew.

In Sciran's room there is a trapped chest. The trap is a poison needle (type O). The chest contains a *wand of magic missiles* (12 charges) and coins totaling 500 agols.

Protectors, Inc.

Lankhmar is riddled with street gangs, and the River District is, of course, no exception to this rule. Protectors, Inc. controls most of the docks area and the surrounding city blocks, except the far northern end near the Naval Docks. That area is too dangerous for any gang or even the Thieves' Guild to try to take over.

That's not to say that Protectors, Inc. hasn't tried to make progress there, however. It's just that this is one part of the city where the residents are even tougher than the gangs. While some small inroads have been made from time to time, they have always been short-lived. Most often the situations end up with the gang members involved in the foray having their heads handed to them—sometimes literally.

The gang's size is hard to determine, since they have no fixed headquarters or meeting places. The leaders of the organization are far too cautious to set up the kind of regular habits that would let assassins know where to find them at any given time. The leaders often switch their residences around as well, just to keep everything as mutable as they can. After all, their lives are on the line here, and in that sense, there's no such thing as being *too* careful.

At various times, up to 100 people have been linked with Protectors, Inc. This number varies a lot, though, and the number of core members is closer to 50. The others will likely show up in a pinch, however.

There are two separate groups within the gang, which only overlap at the very top. The first group, and the one most people see and deal with, is the collectors. The collectors extort money from ship owners, cargo handlers, tavern and brothel owners, and all the little businesses that keep a port going. The rates are not huge, and the gang does provide a degree of protection in return for their money. Few are the thieves who dare venture into the River District. Fewer still are those who live to talk about it.

The second group is more secret and sinister. These are the enforcers, the men who go out and persuade those few who don't want to pay their insurance that they really should make the investment. These enforcers are always masked in black cloth and never speak directly to their victims. They just beat up a few people, drop a calling card, and quietly leave.

Those few who don't take the hint receive a second visit from the enforcers. This time the message is permanent to serve as a warning to others who might consider not paying. There are few who do not pay heed.

The most secret thing about the enforcers, and the reason they are always disguised, is that they are members of the Deckhands' Guild. They work with their victims during the day. It would be bad for the guild and for the individuals to have them identified as members of a gang, particularly a gang that deals in murder.

Although the enforcers are members of the Deckhands' Guild, the guild still pays its protection money to the gang. This helps keep any suspicions from arising in the general public, and the money just comes back anyway. Collectors are not members of the guild, although the leaders of that half know of the guild's involvement.

The collectors are run by three former Thieves' Guild members that the guild thinks are dead. They faked their deaths and went underground. It was the only way they could leave without a price on their heads.

Davors is the nominal leader of the three, since he calls the others together for their meetings in various taverns or brothels. He is a gaunt figure with sunken cheeks that make him look cadaverous. He has white hair and wild, black eyes that add to the idea he may be undead. He isn't, but he likes the effect his appearance has on others. Due to his rather unique looks, he never leaves the docks area lest he be spotted by a member of the Thieves' Guild and have every money-hungry bounty hunter in the city after him. He is too fond of life to allow that.

Davors is aided by Andreah and Remnil, who do most of the organizing of runs. They report back to Davors on defaulters, and he contacts the enforcers and gives them their orders, although both the others know the enforcer leaders, too. If Davors were incapacitated, they could step-in and take his place for as long as need be.

Andreah is a handsome woman who knows her business and enjoys it. She earned her place at the top of the gang, and she is prepared to prove just that to any member, male or female, who suggests she may have slept her way to the top. While not an enforcer, Andreah is no slouch with the dagger, and she has one or two in easy reach about her person at all times. Although she prefers non-violent solutions, she will defend herself and her property if she feels threatened.

Remnil is a weedy little man who has been mistaken for a wererat more than once. He is as pure blooded as any human, but has had to prove this, time and again, by taking some stupid tests for lycanthropy. He is happy in Protectors, Inc., because they only care about his accounting skills, not his looks. Remnil advises Davors and Andreah just how much they can squeeze the district before someone will organize a mass revolt. So far, he has been accurate with his predictions. The gang is making money, and there's no real dissent.

The enforcers have only one leader, Nojas. He is a tough dock worker who brooks no argument in his day job or his after-dark work. If a job needs doing, he will often lead the group himself just to make sure it's done right and he doesn't get out of practice.

Nojas is just over six feet tall and weighs about 220 pounds. His appearance with two or three enforcers is often enough to change the mind of a defaulting insurance customer. Nojas is not cruel, and prefers it if his appearance can intimidate rather than resorting to violence. Unlike other gangs, Protectors, Inc. firmly believes that healthy people make more money (and can then pay higher amounts of protection).

Adventure Hooks

Protectors, Inc. is looking for some people to help them expand their empire. They have the docks pretty well tied up, and the nearby districts beckon like the evening star. There are no real ideas among the leaders as to which way the expansion should occur. Any district is as good as the next to them.

What they want is some expert advice from people who know the city outside the docks, and they're prepared to pay well for the right information. A character or party thinking of retiring from an active adventuring life could even be invited to join the gang and head up the takeover operation.

The best option at present is to expand into the Mercantile District, the area run by the Blue Shirts. The Red Scarves would be very happy to see the Blue Shirts forced to fight a war on two fronts, as it would make their lives easier. While they won't actively assist Protectors, Inc., they will be a help just by being on the other side of the Shirts.

Should the expansion be successful, the Red Scarves will try to claim the territory at the same time Protectors, Inc. does. The likely result is that the Protectors will get the two blocks next to the River District, and the Red Scarves will get the third block. Then, the battle for control of Lankhmar's streets starts all over again.

The rewards for such an adventure are less tangible than most. Political intrigue as the gangs fight for supremacy is a whole new perspective on playing characters that were about to retire for lack of any new challenges. Running a gang is similar to handling many other businesses. The boss needs money and a regular cash flow to pay his workers to canvass businesses, patrol streets, and collect funds. The offer of running the takeover gives the adventurers a good base from which to start. It's always easier than starting from scratch.

The Night Crew

The third and last gang that claims to control the Mercantile District is the Night Crew. Their claim is perhaps a little more justified than rival claims, since they really do control all the district between Pimp and Cheap Streets. Apart from that, they are no better or worse than the other two gangs, both of whom they hold in contempt.

The Night Crew operate mainly after dark, hence their name, but they do keep a close eye on things during daylight hours as well. There are between 20 and 30 regular gang members plus the two leaders.

All gang members have at least one item of black clothing visible at all times, but not everyone in black is a gang member. This makes identifying the Night Crew far harder than the Red Scarves or the Blue Shirts. This is considered cowardice by the other gangs, and common sense by the Night Crew. The average Night Crew member survives three

to four times as long as any of their main rivals' members.

While the gang's primary activity is the collection of protection money, none of it gets to either the Thieves' Guild or the Slayers' Brotherhood. The beneficiary of the money is Midnight, who has taken great delight, as always, in making the Thieves' Guild look foolish. She is really enjoying playing them off against their supposed allies, the Slayers.

The Thieves' Guild wants to shut the Night Crew down, but Midnight is doing everything she can to see that they survive. Any thorn in the side of the Guild is fine by her. Every time the thieves send a squad in to teach the Night Crew a lesson, the squad doesn't return. So far, the Guild has not called in the Slayers' Brotherhood, because they don't want to admit they can't handle a simple street gang. If the Guild continues to lose both money and people to the Night Crew, they may have to call for assistance.

For geographical reasons, the enmity between the Night Crew and the Red Scarves is far greater than between the Crew and the Blue Shirts. Eventually the Red Scarves will be wiped out, since they are the meat in the sandwich, and then there will be a major gang war for control of the whole district. The tactics of the Night Crew in this battle (which they have already planned with help from some of Midnight's trusted aides) are to take as much of the Red Scarves' territory as they can and then move block by block or even building by building toward the Blue Shirts' headquarters.

In contrast, the Blue Shirts are known to have planned a lightning raid on the Night Crew's headquarters in an attempt to wipe out the leaders in one blow. The Night Crew's leaders are expecting this and have ensured it won't succeed. They have secretly moved their headquarters, even though they still use the original location for some meetings. This is mainly to discourage spies from looking for a new gang headquarters.

The gang is led by Hronдар, a tough street kid who learned at an early age to fight for



what he wanted. Hrondar is a good leader who puts his troops' welfare high on his list of priorities. He is not afraid to listen to advice from other gang members, although he doesn't always act on it.

Hrondar is a shade under six feet tall, and has a slim but supple body that turns many ladies' heads. He has brown hair, and his gray eyes seem to look right through most people. For all this, he is only 22 years old.

The only thing Hrondar will not tolerate from the other gang members is disloyalty. He has been known to forgive those who have run from a fight, especially a losing one, but a member who betrays the gang will feel his wrath.

Hrondar

F5; SL 3; AL CG; AC 7 (due to Dexterity and padded armor); MV 12; hp 32; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword, +1 for Strength); Str 17; Dex 15; Con 15; Int 14; Wis 13; Cha 14

The other leader of the Night Crew is Aruneld, a competent if not brilliant thief. Where Hrondar is slim and muscular, his second in command is small and swift. His exploits have earned him the nickname of "the Whippet" in the city streets, but no one knows Aruneld and the Whippet are the same person because Aruneld is very careful about his private life. He thinks, rightly, that he will live longer that way.

Aruneld is good looking, with a boyish face that is somehow hard to recall when the city guards are asking for descriptions of the cutpurse. He has curly, black hair, and deep blue eyes. His smile is totally disarming, and he often escorts ladies to social gatherings, provided they offer him a suitable reward.

Aruneld

T3; SL 3; AL CN; AC 6 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (short sword); Str 12; Dex 18; Con 13; Int 12; Wis 12; Cha 12

Adventure Hooks

1. The gang wars in the Mercantile District offer many chances for adventure. Heroes working for Midnight might be sent to help the Night Crew in a tough battle.

On the other hand, adventurers who are on the payroll of the Slayers' Brotherhood could well be sent to do some damage to the Night Crew.

2. Perhaps the heroes are not affiliated with any of the warring factions, but they came to the district to collect the bounty on the heads of the leaders of the Red Scarves—Sciran and Bretan—and they have come to the Night Crew to claim their reward.

This is a good time for the adventurers to learn about the pitfalls of open contracts. The Night Crew will not pay the reward of 80 smerduks, and the Blue Shirts' 80 smerduks will not be forthcoming either. Getting out alive might be the best a foolish party could hope for.

On the other hand, heroes who first visit the Night Crew and announce their intention to seek the reward will be paid if they succeed in destroying Sciran and Bretan. Further, they will be offered high positions in the gang. They are under no obligation to accept gang membership.

3. Midnight wants to recruit the party to her organization because she believes they think as she does. They have been checked out, and now she wants to test them. The Night Crew has been instructed to plan an ambush for the party and see how they react. Midnight has left strict orders that no party member is to be killed, and the gang should run away if things get too hot.

For this, the Night Crew gang members are half thieves and half fighters, mostly first or second level. In any fight, give them THAC0s of 19 or 20, 6–15 hit points each, and short swords as weapons. None of the gang members wear armor.

The Carved Idol

The Carved Idol is the only wine bar in all of Lankhmar. It serves nothing more than wine, water, and very dry cheese to cleanse the palate between vintages. There are no meals, ale or liquor sold or allowed on the premises.

The Idol is a two-story building with a huge cellar on Pimp Street in the Festival District (#12) just up the Road from the Vintners' Guild. The guild owns the bar and placed it close to their warehouse deliberately. Over many years, they have secretly dug a tunnel under the road between the two buildings to assist in moving the more fragile vintages.

Patrons of the Carved Idol can sample wines from all over Nehwon, including rare bottlings from Eevanmareensee. The list even includes a few vintages brought from distant planets on the extremely rare otherworldly vessels that visit Nehwon. Of course, such a fine list of wines has an equally fine price tag. Most Lankhmarts can't afford to even walk in the door of the wine bar, let alone drink there.

The Carved Idol isn't really there for the citizens, but for those visitors from far and near who bring much-needed foreign trade. The ground floor of the Carved Idol is a public bar, or at least as public as such an exclusive establishment gets. The doorman, Imarth, has instructions not to admit anyone who is not properly dressed or who doesn't seem to fit in. The dress code is short of formal, but men must wear at least a smoking jacket, and women must wear a modest dress. Women must have a male escort in the Idol. This prevents courtesans from using the bar to find customers. Weapons of any kind are absolutely forbidden in the Carved Idol.

Imarth is very diligent in his job, and there are few who would dispute his decisions. He stands 6'9" tall and weighs nearly 300 pounds. Like doormen the multiverse over, he dresses in a white shirt, black suit, and black bow tie. The tailor-made clothes fit him very well, and it is obvious there is no excess fat on Imarth. On the rare occasions he has to enforce his decision not to admit a person, he exhibits a

command of martial arts few can equal. Combined with his size and strength, this makes Imarth a formidable opponent and would make him a worthy ally if he could be coaxed away from the wine bar. This is unlikely, as the Vintners' Guild pays him very well to stay with them.

Imarth is a gentle giant most of the time. He is never rude to anyone he refuses entry to, even if they are dressed in rags. He always holds the door open for those he admits to the bar and addresses all the customers as "Sir" or "Ma'am," as appropriate.

Imarth

F7; SL 5; AL N; AC 9 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 56; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1d4 (dagger, +4 for Strength) or 1d2 (fist, +4 for Strength); Str 18/78; Dex 15; Con 16; Int 10; Wis 10; Cha 12

The second floor of the bar is for the very rich to hold their private meetings over some of the best wines money can buy. Visiting merchants and even heads of state use this private room to impress their contacts with the wine and their obvious wealth.

Even the Overlord uses the room from time to time, since the guild refuses to allow any of their rarest wines to leave the premises in anything but a customer's belly.

The small, plushly furnished bar on the second floor is just large enough to cater to 15 people. The chairs are all overstuffed armchairs, covered in rich, burgundy velvet.

The cost of the private function room is one diamond in amber glulditch plus 20 gold rilks per person attending. It is not the sort of place even the Overlord can afford often.

The Carved Idol is run by Yannus, a wine connoisseur of excellent standing. He knows almost all there is to know about making wine, and his knowledge of the wines of Nehwon is without peer. He is also Nehwon's most knowledgeable expert in wines imported from other worlds, mostly because the Carved Idol is one of the few places where

such delicacies can be obtained. Even the Idol gets such rare wines only once a decade or even less often.

Yannus is a bookish man who seldom goes outside. He spends much of his time in the cellars of the Vintners' Guild or the Idol, checking the barrels and vats to ensure the contents aren't spoiling.

The charges for wine, by the glass, in the ground floor bar are listed on the table below.

Wine Prices at the Carved Idol

New Lankhmar wines:	One rilks
Rare old Lankhmar wines:	From two rilks
Old Nehwon vintages:	From two rilks
Eevanmareensee wines:	Five rilks
Wines from other worlds:	From 10 rilks
Elven wine from Toril:	20 rilks

Wines from other worlds are available only very rarely, and elven wine is available only once every fifty years or so.



Adventure Hooks

1. The wine store of the Carved Idol is a prime target for every thief in Nehwon. The value of even one bottle of rare wine would feed a whole family for a month or more.

The heroes might be hired to steal a bottle from the cellar, or they might be hired to guard the cellar for a short time after one of the rare visits from another world.

In either case, the pay for such a job can be anything the company wants, provided they are successful. Even magical items are not an unreasonable payment for such a job.

The tunnel from the Vintners' Guild is well hidden at both ends and has both magical and mechanical alarms installed in it.

The cellar of the Carved Idol has its own alarm systems, but they only warn the guild and Yannus of an intruder. Any reaction has to come from the humans, and that is why guards are hired for special occasions.

2. There is a private party being held at the Carved Idol in three days. A number of nobles are invited, and some who aren't on the guest list want to know what's going on.

The heroes have been hired to get inside the bar and get up to the second floor to spy, or to attempt to spy from outside the building. Their employer wants information and isn't concerned about how they get it.

Getting in will be difficult, as Imarth is wary of unknown people when there's a private party. The front of the bar is on a well-lit street, so listening at the windows isn't going to be easy either. The least difficult way to spy on the party is to gain access to the attic. The roof will be guarded during the party, but there is time to get in during the afternoon.

The party is being given by an Ilthmart who is planning to assassinate the Overlord. What the adventurers do with this information is up to them.

The Comeon Inn

The Festival District has the largest itinerant population of any of the many varied districts in Lankhmar. Folk come from all over Nehwon to attend one particularly special event or to make merry for a week or so. These visitors need a place to stay, and there is none finer than the Comeon Inn.

Located on the Corner of Carter Street and Glipkerio (#18 in the Festival District), the Comeon Inn is a six-story "home away from home" for its guests. The ground floor houses the reception desk and the kitchen as well as two fine bars serving most drinks available anywhere in Nehwon.

The kitchen is well-stocked and can cater to the traditional tastes of any of Nehwon's people or provide a feast of delights from all over the land. Once a week, the Comeon Inn has a smorgasbord dinner with at least 15 different regional delicacies. For five gold rilks, diners can help themselves and go back for extra helpings as often as they like. Drinks are not included, but both of the inn's bars (the Saltmarsh Bar and the Hlal Bar) work hard to ensure everyone's drinks are to their liking.

The foyer around the reception area has several overstuffed armchairs scattered around for patrons to simply sit in and relax or watch the comings and goings. The staff makes sure that no snooping occurs by challenging any person who shows too much interest in other people. The Comeon Inn offers privacy and discretion, and they deliver what they promise.

There are two separate cellars that run beneath the building, one under each bar. Both are large enough to hold all the supplies for three bars, and it is a rare occasion when stock is moved to one bar from the other cellar. Unbeknownst to the staff, the cellar of the Saltmarsh Bar has a secret entrance to Lankhmar Below which the denizens of the depths use sometimes after the bar closes. The Hlal Bar's cellar is what it seems to be: an overly large storage area for the bar.

The second to fifth floors are fitted out with rooms and suites to make the guests feel at home. There are comfortable beds, lots of space, and even wardrobes in most rooms. Every room above the second floor has a private balcony where the guests can look out over the Festival or Plaza Districts. Every room has at least three large rugs on the floor, and the curtains are thick velvet that keep out the early morning sun if the guest wants to sleep late. Some rooms have private washrooms, but most share facilities with three or four other rooms. Though the Comeon Inn is a luxurious place, it is still in a medieval city where hygiene is not a major concern.

Rooms start at one silver smerduk per night for a room on the second floor with shared facilities and go up to two gold rilks per night for a room with private facilities and a balcony. All prices include breakfast.

The sixth floor contains only four suites, all with private facilities. Each suite has two bedrooms with beds for six, a lounge room with four chairs and two couches that convert to extra beds, and a common room with a table and eight chairs that can be used for meals or meetings. These suites are very expensive, costing seven gold rilks per night. For an extra gold rilk, a breakfast of fruit and cheese will be provided to the suite. Only very rich merchants, heads of guilds, and heads of governments can usually afford the top floor suites.

The layout of the Comeon Inn makes it one of the few buildings in "the City of the Black Toga" to have internal plumbing, much to the delight of its guests. The pipes go directly to the sewers, but since the Rats Uprising, two thick grates have been installed in the pipes to prevent them from being used as an invasion path if the rats attack again.

The Comeon Inn needs a large staff to maintain it and to look after the needs of the guests. There are over 100 people who work at the inn either part-time or full-time. Some of the jobs, and their hours, are listed on the table below.

Jobs and Hours at the Comeon Inn

Receptionist: 24 hours in four shifts of six hours.

Chef: 6 AM to 9 PM in three shifts of five hours.

Bellhop: 24 hours in six shifts of four hours.

Bartender: 24 hours in split, six-hour shifts of two on, two off, two on.

Chambermaid: 24 hours, but most work 10 AM to 3 PM. From 3 PM to 10 AM, only two or three chambermaids are on duty.

Maintenance: 8 AM to 6 PM with after-hours people available for emergencies.

Kitchen hand: 24 hours in four six-hour shifts. Cold platters are available even when the chefs are not working.

All the staff are paid to be discrete about guests, but as they are only human, they can be bribed to reveal what they know. High-class inns attract a high-class clientele, and that means rich pickings for thieves, so the Thieves' Guild pays most of the bellhops and chambermaids to keep their eyes open. The inn's management has no proof of this, but they intuitively know it's occurring. As long as they don't catch anyone taking payments, it's nothing they worry about.

To keep the guests happy, the Comeon Inn has links to the Salters', the Bakers', the Sweetmakers' and the Perfumers' Guilds. They need no ties to the Vintners' Guild, since that guild owns the inn. Guests at the Comeon Inn get automatic entry to the Carved Idol. They are given tokens that ensure no trouble from Imarth at the door.

The Slayers' Brotherhood and Thieves' Guild do well off the inn, as the management pays them both to keep their hands off the guests and their eyes open for trouble. The guests know nothing of these arrangements, but they work well to keep people safe and secure at the inn. Once the guests leave, that's another matter entirely as far as the Thieves' Guild is concerned. Also, the Slayers' Brotherhood stops watching over guests as soon as they check out.

Adventure Hooks

1. The staff members at the Comeon Inn aren't all being paid by the Thieves' Guild to look for likely victims. Either Midnight's band or some other freelance group the heroes are tied to is trying to buy some of the staff for their information network. It is the party's job to recruit the staff and arrange how and when they will be paid.

The following information is needed: who is staying at the inn, how much money they splash around, and whether they have any quirks that might be exploited. Staff members who supply good information will be paid a bonus based on how useful the information is to the thieves.

2. The adventurers' current employer wants to stay at the Inn when he visits Lankhmar. He is paranoid about security and wants the party, his bodyguards, to check the place out before he arrives.

The sort of thing he wants to know is how much it costs to bribe a staff member, so he can offer slightly more to keep them quiet. He also wants to know how easy it is to break into a room or suite from the balcony. A quick check will reveal that it's simple once a thief is on the balcony, but getting there is difficult from the roof and impossible—without being seen—from the ground, due to the angles of the balconies.

If the access from the roof is pointed out, the Vintners' Guild will take steps to fix it, and offer the party 100 gold rilk to try to break into the inn undetected. If the heroes accept the challenge, the DM should add whatever security seems appropriate at the inn, then see if the heroes can get past it.

Rewards are based on how far the party gets before being detected. If they get all the way in, the vintners will offer them full-time employment as security consultants, which would require them to come in once every two weeks to check out the improvements that have been made.

The Laughing Clown

The City of Thieves could also be called the City of Taverns. There are taverns and inns everywhere you look in Lankhmar, from the lowest- to the highest-class districts and all points in between. The Laughing Clown (#16 in the Festival District) is owned by the Society of Joyous and Sorrowful Comedians, Rapturous Playactors, Graceful Dancers, and Melodious Songsters, which has its offices right next door.

It gets its name from the brightly painted mural across the front of the building, which depicts a clown with orange hair and a big green nose, laughing at one of his fellow performers who is being gored by an enraged bull.

The tavern is mainly frequented by society members who enjoy the chance to get away from being the entertainment in whatever watering hole they normally work in. Here, at least, they can relax and be themselves.

All prices at the Laughing Clown are the same as the Silver Eel (in other words, fairly reasonable), and the menus are nearly identical. The difference is that the Clown serves bigger portions of their meals, especially of the high-energy foods, as their customers need to keep their edge all day long. Performing is hard work, but a decent morningfeast here can keep a busy performer going until well into the afternoon.

The Laughing Clown is run by Barling, who takes a cut of the proceeds in lieu of a salary from the society. This was the society's idea of an incentive to work hard, and it has paid big dividends all around.

Barling is a large, barrel-chested man who brooks no nonsense in the tavern. He is strong enough to lift a keg of ale by himself and does so occasionally to remind patrons to behave themselves. Rarely has he had to actually drop one on them. He has short, black hair and dark brown eyes which seem almost black in the gloomy interior of the tavern.



The cook is Ricia, Barling's wife. She makes even the most common meal taste divine. Her culinary expertise is well-known, and many patrons flock to the inn just for a taste of her cooking.

Ricia is short and a little plump from too much sampling of her own cooking. She is a friendly woman who enjoys her work and the many compliments she gets from the hungry hordes at meal times.

She and Barling have been married for nearly ten years, but they have no children. Ricia often jokes that they are too busy for a family, but she wants one badly.

There is only one serving wench at the Laughing Clown, and the customers keep her busy. Marella is a friendly young woman, about 18 years old. She has long, flaxen hair and bright blue eyes which she bats at all the young male customers. By this, she hopes to be noticed and invited to join a performing troupe as a dancer.

Until then, Marella is happy working at the Laughing Clown. The customers are seldom rowdy, the work is not too hard, and the pay is fair. She is very beautiful, but doesn't seem to know it. So far, all of her offers have been of a romantic nature.

The tavern itself is a little unusual in that it has only one above-ground floor—the main bar and kitchen. There are no rooms for rent at the Laughing Clown. Of course, there is a cellar where the ale and wines are kept, but there seems to be something missing.

Originally, the tavern had accommodation on two upper floors, but there was a murder in one of the rooms, and the ghost of the victim came back to haunt the tavern. After a year of this, hardly anyone still came to the Laughing Clown, and one night there was a mysterious fire which started in the victim's room. It burnt the top two floors away, but did not harm even one ceiling beam of the tavern proper. That there was magic involved is certain, but what kind and why remain a mystery that to this day nobody wants to talk about. All trace of the stairs to the upper floors has been removed.

Adventure Hooks

This adventure should be used as a means of taking money away from adventurers who have too many spare coins.

As a popular tavern slightly off the main paths of Lankhmar, the Laughing Clown sees a fair number of fugitives come through its doors. The heroes are looking for a fugitive when a rare barroom brawl breaks out. They have at least two options. First, they can stay out of the brawl (or run away). If this occurs, when the city guard arrives, the heroes will be blamed for starting the brawl and will be arrested. No matter where the heroes go in the city, the guards will try to arrest them. The fine will be 20 gold rilks each, plus damages for whatever got wrecked in the brawl. A total of about 250–300 gold rilks is appropriate.

The second option is to get involved on either side. The results in this case are less certain, depending on how much collateral damage is done to the bar, how quickly the brawl ends, and how decisive the party's involvement was.

If everything goes well, and the heroes are on the victorious side, they will be hailed as saviors of the day and assured of a warm welcome next time they visit. If they are on the losing side, they will be accused by the rest of the losers of starting the whole thing, and they will be arrested and fined the same as if they had run away.

In either case, if there is a lot of collateral damage, the adventurers will be asked to pay for breakage. If they won't pay, the city guard will be informed that they started the brawl, with the same result as above, plus an extra 10 gold rilks fine each for hampering the investigation. It doesn't matter about truth here. The courts in Lankhmar are not known for dispensing justice, just for the fines and other sentences they impose.

No matter what they do, the person they came to find isn't here.

The Swinging Lantern

Bordellos are probably the most common businesses in Lankmar after eateries or perhaps drinking houses, being found in every district of the city and catering to all purses and tastes. One such establishment in the River District is the Swinging Lantern. It is located near the South Docks, across the road from the Steersman and Navigators' Guild (#16). The building is three stories high and has no basement, as it is so close to the waterfront.

The ground floor is the reception and lounge area that was very comfortable more than a few years ago when the furniture was actually new. These days, the chairs have mostly collapsed in the center, their upholstery is split, and their legs are all rickety. Most customers don't take the time to sit anyhow.

At the rear of the ground floor are the quarters of the madam, Annadeen.

Annadeen is about 45 years old and used to work in the upstairs rooms. She took over the business when the previous owner died under mysterious circumstances. There was never an accusation against Annadeen (and it wasn't her anyway—a wererat killed the previous owner to prove a point to Lessnya (see *City of Adventure*, page 87)), and she was allowed to run the place as long as she kept up the monthly tithe to the Red Scarves.

The entrance to the Swinging Lantern is framed by two red lanterns on flexible poles which swing in the breeze. There is always a breeze this close to the docks.

The first and second floors of the Swinging Lantern are where the girls work and, in many cases, live. That is, if you can call whiling away the hours in a rotting, unheated building—the stench from the wharves permeating everything—living. There are rooms for up to 20 girls, but it's been a long time since more than half were in use at any time. The Swinging Lantern is close to the bottom of the list when it comes to class bordellos in “the City of Sevenscore Thousand Smokes.”

There are currently six girls working in the Lantern, and with as much space as is presently available for them, each has two rooms—one for work and one as a private chamber all to themselves. Not surprisingly, the better rooms are reserved as the private chambers, while the customers get to take what's left over. Not that this is a problem, as the Lantern caters mainly to sailors, and drunken ones at that. The policy is to get them in, give them what they want, and get them out again.

At 24, Margil is the oldest of the working girls at the Swinging Lantern. She is rather stout and has a sallow complexion. Her best feature is her flaming red hair which falls to her waistline.

Margil has often talked of leaving, even of settling down and starting a family, but the fact is that she knows no other trade and is only an average cook. She doesn't have the looks to win a husband, nor the skills as a housewife to hold one if she could win him. So the chances are that she will stay at the Lantern until it falls down—which from the looks of the place may not be too far in the future—and then move on to another low-class brothel.

Dithen is 23 years old and has much going for her. She has been the “most requested girl” at the Lantern for the last year at least, and to those regulars she likes, she can be very good.

Dithen has a faintly olive complexion and is best described as buxom. Her shoulder-length, brown hair is matched by her deep brown eyes.

Dithen genuinely enjoys her work, but she believes that variety is the spice of life. One day she will leave the Lantern for a better class of brothel or maybe even a better life. But at the moment, that day is still a fair way in her future. For now, Dithen is content to save what money she can and dream of what will be. She dreams of a large house full of children to look after her when she's old, and a husband who doesn't mind where she came from.

Janam is 22 years old, and she's another girl whose attributes are immediately obvious. She has dusky skin, and very dark brown hair and eyes. She has an air of mystery about her that attracts men. She is only five feet tall and often wears high heels to make her seem much taller.

Janam has made it plain she wants to own her own bordello somewhere in or near the Noble District, where she can be more selective about her customers. She dreams of snaring a noble husband but is practical enough to take a rich one.

Sulin is an olive-skinned beauty from the Eastern Lands. She is 22 years old and very slight. Her raven hair falls almost to her waist, and she is noted for the subtle scents and perfumes she wears.

Sulin is a very quiet person who keeps her own counsel and seldom engages in the group discussions about various clients. She came to the Swinging Lantern under strange circumstances (one day she wasn't here; the next day she was), and the other girls are sure she's hiding out from someone back home. This is true, but nobody in Lankhmar has definite information about it.

The tall, willowy girl often seen on the front stoop touting for business is Darette. She is 21 years old, and her blonde hair does not come from a bottle. She has green eyes set in an almost childlike face, but she is a very cunning woman.

Like most of the courtesans in the city, Darette dreams of escaping to a better life one day. Of all the current girls at the Swinging Lantern, Darette is the most likely to achieve her aims because of her determination to befriend as many important Lankhmarts as possible. When the time comes to call in favors, Darette will be very well looked after.

The youngest of the workers at the Lantern is Rella. She is a pale, slightly built woman with natural blonde hair. Sold into service to pay her father's debts, Rella has been at the Lantern only a few weeks and is still finding her way about the business. She is kept very busy by the customers.

Adventure Hooks

1. A known enemy of the party is a regular customer of the Swinging Lantern. The heroes must find a way to waylay him on the way to or from the bordello. This enemy is always accompanied by at least three bodyguards from the Slayers, and they can call for help from the Lantern's guards if an attack takes place close by.

The identity of the enemy, and the reward to be gained by accosting him, is left to the DM's discretion.

2. Midnight is expanding her empire and wants to take over the protection jobs the Slayers currently handle. The docks are a good place to start, so she wants the party to make the Lantern's guards look silly without causing any permanent damage to them or the building.

The reward for this job is two gold rilks per person, plus an increase in standing on Midnight's secret list of trusted people.

3. The Swinging Lantern has finally come to the attention of the authorities as a risk to life and limb as well as the health of anyone who enters it. An order has been issued to condemn the building.

What really happened is that Annadeen forgot to pay this month's bribe to the city. The party is hired by the city to make sure the order is delivered and acted upon.

Annadeen won't be happy about it and will call on the Slayers' Brotherhood to remove the bothersome officials (the heroes) from her doorstep so business can continue. The Slayers will send a squad of bullies to try to scare the party off, then follow with more thugs until they succeed or they start taking unacceptable losses.

The city is paying one gold rilk per person per day for the delivery and execution of the order. As always, killing a Slayer is sure to bring the enmity of the brotherhood on those responsible.

The Dog of the Sea

Located behind the warehouses off the South Docks (#15 in the River District), the Dog of the Sea is not one of Lankhmar's more pleasant drinking houses. The façade of this two-story building attracts the dregs of society.

Inside, the tavern is clean. The tables and chairs are old and stained, and the bar is well worn, but again, quite clean.

Drinks in the Dog cost about two-thirds the normal price and are usually watered down. Food is between half and two-thirds of what other places charge. There is only one dish available each day, and it's always a variation on tavern stew. Like most tavern stews, the ingredients are hard to identify, but the meal is both tasty and nutritious.

Saltam the innkeeper is proud of his business. He is a little under six feet tall and has a slim build and a rather pointed nose. His permanent five-o'clock shadow helps conceal his other features. A close inspection would definitely raise the suspicion that he might be a wererat—which he is. Strangely, those who take too close an interest in his looks tend to disappear from the streets, and the next day's stew is heavily spiced. It doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone to put these two things together, but in the City of the Black Toga, it is usually healthier not to inquire too deeply into other people's affairs. Besides, most of Saltam's customers don't get a lot of meat, so they don't generally care where it came from.

Saltam wants to pass his "gift" on to as many Lankhmarts as possible so that, come the next invasion from Lankhmar Below, there will be many surface dwellers who will side with the rats. He needs to keep his true nature secret, lest the priests or the city guard hunt him down and kill him.

Regulars at the Dog of the Sea are a sample of the worst Lankhmar has to offer. Few have a real home, and most are on the run from either the law, the Slayers' Brotherhood, a ship's captain, or any combination of these. If you want to hire a desperate cutthroat at little cost, the Dog is the place to look. More than

one unscrupulous employer has hired help from Saltam's and then taken care of the help by informing the authorities where these wanted people may be found. This type of client suits Saltam's needs perfectly. He offers to hide them from their pursuers, then infects them with lycanthropy.

The Dog of the Sea is a little unusual in that, since it's so close to the river, it's "cellar" is above the bar, not below ground. Most of the upper floor is given over to storage of barrels of various alcoholic beverages, almost all defective in some way. Many have been tossed out by the breweries as being too old, some have been recovered from shipwrecks after who knows how long in the water, others are from failed brews that would normally be dumped by the maker.

Saltam's quarters take up what's left of the upper floor. He lives alone, and his quarters are as neat and clean as the rest of his inn. Hardly a speck of dust can be found in his room, and not a thing is out of place. While it would be foolish of him not to be armed, there is no obvious weapon in his quarters or on his body.

The ground floor is only two rooms—the kitchen and the barroom. The kitchen is spotless and very efficient. Saltam himself does some of the cooking, but he employs a part-time cook, Enadar, to do most of the kitchen work. Enadar has no idea of what sometimes goes into the pot. He just cooks and serves up the stew to those who want it. On rare occasions, he bakes a few loaves of bread to go with the stew, but not too often.

The barroom is run by Saltam and his two apprentices, Jassen and Kramo. Only one of them is ever on duty with Saltam at a time. Both are hard working and want to earn their way to a better life in a classier inn, but they must start at the bottom.

Like Enadar, Jassen and Kramo have no idea their employer is a wererat. Whether they would report him anyhow is doubtful, as he treats them very well. Still, he intends to make these three his final soldiers when the time comes.

At any time, there is a 70% chance of a wanted criminal being found in the Dog of the Sea. The chance of finding a specific criminal depends on the person's habits. High-class crooks wouldn't be seen dead in the tavern, but a petty thief turned murderer could well be present.

So, why doesn't the city guard raid the place regularly? It would be bad for business, and Saltam pays his taxes. Also, it would only work once, and then all the criminals would go elsewhere. The city guards are happy for the criminals to hang out at the Dog. That way they have some idea where they are and can easily tail them as they leave should the need arise.

Saltam

Wererat; SL 4; AL LE; AC 6; MV 12; hp 16; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); SA surprise; SD hit only by silver or +1 or better weapons; SZ S-M; ML 12; Str 13; Dex 17; Con 11; Int 16; Wis 12; Cha 12; XP 270



Adventure Hook

Margath, one of Saltam's victims from outside the inn, wants to regain his humanity more than anything in the world. He will pay any price he can afford (and he's very wealthy) to become fully human again.

To do so, he must find a white wizard to cast the necessary spell (*remove curse*). If possible, Margath does not want his savior to know what is being done either—a fairly tall order.

It is possible the heroes have such a wizard in their ranks, in which case Margath will hire the whole group on some pretext of protecting him and some "valuable possession" while he works out how to get the wizard to cast the spell on him. At a rate of one agol per person per day, plus board, this could be a real windfall for a party.

Margath isn't sure who infected him, but he suspects Saltam, so he and his protectors

will hang out at the Dog of the Sea until the full moon. Margath is happy to be tied up at the appropriate time to prevent him from doing something he might later regret.

Come full moon, Saltam and his cronies will attempt to infect the heroes. With Saltam are six wererats. Make them as easy or as tough as your party can handle.

If Saltam is killed or driven off, a search of his room will reveal a stash of gems worth 5,000 gold rilks, two silver daggers wrapped in oilcloth (so Saltam can handle them) which are worth 500 gold rilks each, and a scroll with *remove curse* on it.

In addition to any XP, there is a chance of an increase in social level if Saltam is either exposed as a wererat or killed. The base chance is 50%, adjusted up for a showy or highly successful job or down for a sloppy job that allows Saltam and his minions to escape. Heroes who express an interest may even be allowed to run the inn.

The Worn Bollard

At the southern end of the docks, sailors and other drinkers can find the Worn Bollard (#13 in the River District). It is a comfortable tavern with a warm and friendly atmosphere not found in many places in the City of Seven-score Thousand Smokes.

The tavern is a two-story building quite close to the river, and its layout is due to its location. The ground floor is the "cellar," where all the supplies of a regular tavern are kept. Two doors open onto the street to allow carts and wagons to come right into the cellar to unload. The walls are very thick and well insulated so the ales and wines don't spoil.

The barroom is on the upper floor, along with the kitchen. Patrons get to the bar from a staircase that goes up the outside of the building on the side away from the River Hlal. This gives the staircase some protection from the weather, and it is covered by a canvas tarpaulin to keep the rain off the patrons' heads.

The majority of the Bollard's customers are sailors, and anywhere there's a sailor, there's sure to be a working girl or two. The owner, Werref, doesn't like the ladies being in his tavern, but he is sensible enough to know they keep the paying customers happy, and that keeps him in business, so he tolerates them as best he can. It's rare that he feels the need to kick them out for causing trouble among the male customers.

Werref was a sailor in his younger years, and he has pictures of sailing ships all over the walls of the Worn Bollard. According to him, he sailed on every one of the ships, but some quick adding up will show that this is an exaggeration of the truth. Werref did sail on most of the ships and has friends who sailed on all the others.

He is about 45 years old with a salt-and-pepper beard and hair. His eyes are bright blue and still don't miss much. After 20 years doing lookout duties, you don't forget how to keep your eyes peeled.



Werref is well muscled, but he is getting a paunch from drinking too much and not working hard enough to lose the weight. There are tattoos on both his arms and on his back (if anyone ever sees him shirtless).

He has two serving wenches to look after the tables—his daughters Taryn and Silyn.

Taryn is 17 years old and is stunningly beautiful. Her shoulder-length, raven hair and brown eyes attract the gaze of many a sailor. Taryn is well able to deal with most advances from the clientele, and if she gets into any trouble, she can call on her father to help her out.

Like most fathers of teenagers, Werref has one inviolable rule about his daughters that all patrons must obey—*hands off!* Many of the regular drinkers at the Worn Bollard are honorary uncles to the girls, so they both are quite safe from any casual visitor who won't take *no* for an answer.

Silyn is 16 and almost as pretty as her sister. She is a bit naive around the men, so the older ones keep a careful eye on her. She is the daughter many of them would like to have had if they hadn't been married to the sea.

Silyn is very slim and she moves like a gazelle. She has dark brown hair and green eyes that promise much when she is older. She likes to think she's as worldly as her sister, which sometimes gets her into hot water with a young sailor who thinks he's found his girl in this port. While Taryn knows how far to go, Silyn hasn't learned when to stop flirting yet.

The cook at the Worn Bollard is Asfer, Werref's wife. She is an excellent cook who also has a soft spot for sailors, as long as they keep their hands off her daughters. She feeds her patrons well, making sure each meal is both tasty and nutritious.

Asfer is 5'2" in her stockings and is a bit plump. She has graying hair, brown eyes and a friendly personality. She believes all Lankhmarts are her friends until proven otherwise. It's cost her some pain, but she won't change, since she has some good friends, too.

Adventure Hooks

Taryn has been kidnapped by a person or persons unknown. There hasn't been a note demanding ransom, nor any communication from the kidnappers at all.

Werref has spoken to all his seafaring friends to ensure her abductors don't take Taryn out of Lankhmar by sea, but he is worried she may be taken to Quar mall overland. Werref will pay 500 gold rilks per PC to any group that returns Taryn to him alive and well. No questions asked.

Should the party decide to take the job, Taryn has indeed been sent to Quar mall, but only ten hours ago. She is in a caravan that has several young women in one wagon, all of whom are bound for Quar mall and a grim fate.

The caravan appears to be legitimate from a distance. The other seven wagons are carrying trade goods to the south of the continent.

The guards on the caravan are all 5th-level fighters, and they are well armed. Each has a crossbow as well as a long sword, a THAC0 of 16, 38 hit points, and AC 5. They are well paid to keep nosy folk away from the caravan, especially the covered wagon. There are 15 guards.

If the guards are defeated, the wagon masters will flee rather than face charges of kidnapping, a capital offense.

If the guards can be overcome, the party gets not only the money from Werref, but eight wagons and the sixteen oxen pulling them as well as 5–20 thousand gold rilks' worth of goods. They also come to the attention of the leaders of Quar mall, who won't be happy at losing their new slaves. Lastly, the party will be rewarded by the city, meaning the Overlord, by being made Heroes of Lankhmar. Such a title carries an increase of two social levels and a one-time chance to gain a magical item from the city treasury. Each player has a 15% chance to gain an item.

The *Cruweff*

The River District of Lankhmar thrives on bars, brothels, and, of course, shipping. Ships of all shapes and sizes ply their trade out of the Hlal river to all parts of Nehwon. Some ships are known as very fast, others as sturdy and reliable, and still others will take a traveler on the run to a faraway port with few questions asked. And some, like the *Cruweff*, have entirely undeserved reputations.

It is "well known" in the trade that Anan, the *Cruweff*'s owner and captain, will take any cargo for a price, but he prefers slaves, since their owners pay so well. What isn't known, until a slaver tries to hire Anan, is that this is utter rubbish. Anan would never allow a cargo of slaves on his beloved ship. Not that he's a do-gooder or against slavery, but slaves have chains and the chains need to be anchored to something and that means large steel spikes in his lovely wooden hull. Never!

The *Cruweff* is a gaff-rigged ship with a displacement of just over 100 tons. Up to 20 tons of cargo can be carried, depending on what the cargo is. There are two holds, one fore and one aft. The crew's quarters are at the stern of the ship, except for Anan and his first mate, Janol, who sleep in small cabins below the poop deck, where the wheel is.

The *Cruweff*'s standard crew is six plus Janol and Anan. While passengers are not usual, they can be accommodated in the forward hold as long as they don't mind sparsely furnished lodgings. Bunks can be quickly assembled using planks to level the decking, and travelers can sleep in their bedrolls.

Meals on board are simple but nutritious. Anan is a smart man who knows the value of a well-fed (and also well-paid) crew when the cargo isn't always legal and the weather isn't always helpful.

Anan charges for shipping based on the legality and destination of the cargo. To hire the whole ship costs 5–20 gold rilks per day. The best distance the *Cruweff* can travel in one day is between 150 and 200 miles. Normally, she travels about 120 miles per day.

The approximate traveling times to other ports are found on the table below.

Travel Times from Lankhmar to Other Ports

Rime Isle:	Two to two and a half days
No-Ombrulsk:	One and a half to two days
Ool Hrusp:	Half a day
Kvarch Nar:	Half a day
Klelg Nar:	Half a day
Gnamph Nar:	Half a day
Sarheenmar:	Half to one day
Ilthmar:	Half to one day
Ool Krut:	Half to one day
Quarmall:	One to one and a half days
Kokgnab:	Two and a half to three and a half days

Passage on the *Cruweff* costs 5–20 agols per day, but Anan will halve this if the passenger is prepared to help work the ship. He will offer free passage to anyone who will cook for the trip, since the ship's cook is not very imaginative. Anan charges double normal rates to go to Quarmall.

Anan is a huge man with an imposing, black beard. He has tattoos of winged serpents on his massive, hairy arms. He matches every child's nightmares of what a pirate captain must look like. His manner is gruff, but he is not unkind, nor is he evil. Anan lives for himself and his ship first, and his crew second. Everything else ranks a poor third.

Anan

F6; SL 6; AL CG; AC 9 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 52; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (belaying pin, +2 for Strength); Str 18; Dex 15; Con 17; Int 14; Wis 12; Cha 10

By contrast, Janol is a thin man who always seems overworked. He is as tough as whipcord and a hard worker who loves his job and his boss. Janol has no moral scruples, but he agrees with Anan about the "no slaves" rule for all the same reasons as Anan.



Adventure Hooks.

1. The heroes are in trouble, and they need to leave Lankhmar in a hurry. The *Cruweff* is one of the few ships in port right now, and the price is right, as is Anan's reputation for taking any cargo.

After a quick check that they aren't slavers, Anan will take the heroes wherever they want to go, at a price that depends on what they've done (or been accused of). Anan is experienced enough to read people's anxiety and set his price accordingly. He will negotiate, initially asking 12 agols per day. If there is no other cargo, the party must hire the whole ship, not just take passage. On this, Anan will not budge.

Sometime during the journey, the ship will be attacked by a large sea monster (if on the Outer Sea) or some Simorgyans. The ships' crew all fight as F2, Janol as F4 and Anan as F6. The attackers' numbers and

abilities should be set so that only if the party joins the battle early on can they and the sailors emerge victorious.

If the heroes help defeat the attack, they earn Anan's gratitude, as well as free passage to their destination. A friendly captain can be worth many hundreds, or even thousands, of gold rilks in the right situation. The only other reward available for this adventure is the XP for defeating the attackers.

2. The heroes are hired to apprehend a villain who robbed their current employer.

The fugitive has taken refuge on the *Cruweff* and has paid Anan 30 rilks to take him to Kvarch Nar. Anan is bound to honor his agreement, but for a fee he might be persuaded to take other passengers along, too—and for the right fee he will even bring them back to Lankhmar, together with any prisoner they might have. The pay for this mission is whatever money you think fit.

The *Bonyam*

The ships which make Lankhmar their home port are many, and their crews and cargoes are a diverse lot indeed. The *Bonyam* is one of the sleekest vessels to grace the harbor, but her history is unfortunately not as pretty as her lines.

She has a crew of only 12 men, fewer than you would expect for a vessel of this size, but enough to run her efficiently. The *Bonyam* is a little over 42 feet in length and has a beam of eight feet. She is a two-masted ketch that can be used to carry a variety of dry cargo all over the Inner Sea and sometimes the Sea of the East. She has even been seen occasionally in the Frozen Sea, and there is speculation she might even survive a trip over the Outer Sea to whatever lies beyond.

As ships go, the *Bonyam* seems to be very lucky. She often follows other ships out of port, but these ships never reach their destination. There are some captains around the

Inner Sea who won't leave port until the *Bonyam* does, as they consider her a bad omen.

It was once suggested that the reason for these mysterious disappearances is that the *Bonyam* is a pirate ship that trails her victims until the moment is right to strike. This theory was quickly discounted when it was pointed out that although she followed the lost ships out of port, the *Bonyam* had other destinations, often in the opposite direction, and she always made those ports in reasonable time.

Sadly, the investigation was not quite as thorough as it could have been. The ship's log entries were not properly checked with harbor logs at those distant ports. If they had been, it would have been obvious the ship's log is full of false dates and lengths of stay in port. The suggestion, made partly in jest, is the truth. When cargo is hard to find, or the captain and crew feel like it, the *Bonyam* becomes a pirate ship.



Naturally, any acts of piracy are done in the utmost secrecy, out of sight of any land or other vessel. The target ship is always sunk with all hands, after any valuable cargo has been moved into the *Bonyam's* holds.

To perform so well as a pirate ship, the *Bonyam* is equipped with some catapults on her deck that fire flechettes at the other ship's sails. Without sails, any vessel is vulnerable, and the *Bonyam* simply circles her victim as the crew takes pot shots with crossbows at their human victims.

The *Bonyam's* captain is Bahan, a suave man as far from the archetype of a pirate as you can get. He is handsome and debonair, gallant with the ladies, and an apparently good captain to his crew. He only reveals his true nature at sea, and as he is good to his crew; all are fiercely loyal to him.

Bahan

F6; SL 7; AL CE; AC 9 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 40; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (belaying pin, +1 for Strength); Str 17; Dex 15; Con 13; Int 17; Wis 14; Cha 15

The first mate is Neergun, a swarthy type who fits the Jack-tar image of a first mate from any child's storybook of the sea. He is nevertheless a ruthless killer who would sell his own grandmother if the price was right.

Neergun

F4; SL 4; AL CE; AC 8 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 39; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (belaying pin, +3 for Strength); Str 18/31; Dex 16; Con 17; Int 12; Wis 12; Cha 10

The rest of the crew are as bad as their two leaders, but all have been trained to present an image of an honest crew on an honest ship whenever they are in port. Only when they get out of sight of land are they permitted to show their true colors and begin robbing any passengers or whatever else they feel like doing.

Adventure Hook

The heroes have taken passage on a ship bound afar from Lankhmar. The ship is carrying gold bullion as payment for some trade debt to the destination port. The bullion shipment is secret, but Bahan has learned of it and has decided to steal it.

Eventually, Bahan and his evil crew will take on more than they can handle, and for the party's sake, it had better be today. It will quickly become obvious that anyone who ventures onto the deck will be shot, but since the heroes are passengers, they are an unknown factor in Bahan's calculations. He will board their vessel when he is sure his men have a two to one advantage. He needs to leave at least three men on the *Bonyam*, so the other nine pirates will expect no more than three or four opponents whom they will ignore if they aren't attacked. Standard procedure is to take the cargo and then punch large holes in the hull below the waterline. Any crew still on board will drown or be eaten by sharks.

What they find this time should be a well-armed adventuring group ready and able to defend itself. The battle needs to be as swift and as quiet as possible. Too much noise will alert those still on the *Bonyam* that something is wrong, and they will move away. As the other ship is disabled, it is vital that the adventurers board the *Bonyam* and capture her if they ever hope to see dry land again.

Assuming the adventurers are successful, a mystery of the sea will be solved, and they can keep the ship as a reward. It would be good if at least one crew member of their ship survives to back their story. It would be even better if they could capture Bahan or Neergun, but any of their crew would be a bonus. After a public trial, any pirates will be hanged.

The *Bonyam's* crew are all 2nd-level fighters, with THAC0s of 19 and 15 hit points. They have no armor and ACs of 9.

The River Police

In a city where corrupt officials are the norm, the river police are almost legendarily dishonest. The job of this special police squad is to patrol the River Hlal and keep crime off the water and the banks. They also perform the functions of customs officers for incoming ships. Their authority does not extend past the wharves. In fact, it reaches no further than ten yards beyond the banks of the river, but that is enough for the squad to line their pockets with graft from several waterborne sources.

The river police have many boats to help them carry out their work. Some of the boats are sail powered, but most are oar driven to make them available in nearly any weather.

Any ship coming into Lankhmar harbor is met by the river police, and if the captain doesn't offer a bribe to the police, they make the ship tie up to a customs buoy in the river while they search it. Such searches are very thorough and take at least a day—two if there are perishable goods on board. It doesn't matter to the police whether they find anything or not. They want their graft, or the ship will be delayed. Most captains know to pay the bribe so they can get on with their business.

Very occasionally, the police will search a vessel even if the bribe money is paid. They do this only to show their superiors in the Citadel that they are doing their job. Such searches are quick and cursory, and there is almost always a warning to the captain as he leaves port that he will be searched on his return. That way, the river police avoid the drudgery of arresting the captain and going to trial. If the search does turn something up, there is a 50% chance the officer finding it will kick it under a tarpaulin rather than report the contraband.

The police rarely search outgoing vessels. They do so only if they are looking for a kidnap victim being smuggled out of the city, probably south to Quarmall. As corrupt as they are, even the river police would not wish that fate on their worst enemy.

Around the banks of the Hlal, the river police are supposed to stop the illegal dumping of trash into the river and keep an eye open for bodies being dropped in the water, as this is a favorite dumping site for the Slayers' Brotherhood and nearly all of Lankhmar's gangs.

Illegal dumping is not a major issue in Lankhmar, so the police tend to ignore it if they are paid a few agols. Murder and being an accessory to murder are major crimes, though, which bring the police great rewards in terms of bonuses and promotions if the culprit is caught. So the river police keep an eye open for bodies, but as always, they are open to bribery. A minimum bribe of ten gold rilks will persuade most patrols to look the other way long enough for some killers to dump a body.

Sometimes the patrols stumble upon lovers out for a moonlit stroll or tryst, and this is a source of enjoyment for them. The couple is always questioned at great length about exactly what they were doing. Only when the patrol has had enough fun and transformed the lovers' night into a living nightmare do they let them go, along with a stern warning to be careful on the streets after dark and to watch out for any criminal types around the river.

There is no record of a couple making a second journey to the river after one of the river police's interview sessions. Many split up because the sight of the other brings back awful memories.

River police patrols normally consist of three officers. Up to 40 patrols may be out at any time of the day or night. The force has a total of 500 officers who work in four shifts, seven days a week. Each officer works six days a week.

Women are permitted in the squad, and they get the same treatment as the men. The handful of wizards in the river police are all women. Only two of the five wizards are higher than third level (one is fourth, and the other is sixth). The wizards do not normally go on patrol, but act as a backup force.



Adventure Hooks

1. The heroes are on a ship bringing contraband into Lankhmar. They don't know it, but their ship has been targeted for a search.

A bribe of at least 100 gold rilks is needed to get past the search, or the contraband could be dumped into the river. Or the heroes can make the patrol disappear. Other police know where the patrol has gone, but these people won't be missed for several hours. By that time, the contraband can be unloaded and the ship got under way again, or the party could decide to stay and try to bluff it out. With a bribe of at least 200 gold rilks, the second patrol can be convinced their missing workmates were never on the ship, or this patrol could also go missing.

A second missing patrol will launch a full-scale confrontation with the river police, including a wizard or two and the city guard if it gets out of hand. Although they are cor-

rupt, the river police are still city officials, and killing a city official is a serious offense. Vengeful wizards will pursue the adventurers for as long as it takes to exact justice.

2. The Overlord is fed up with the corruption in the river police and has hired the party to deal with it. He wants positive proof of the river police's misdeeds, and he doesn't care how the proof is obtained. The base pay is five gold rilks per person for the job, plus expenses and a hefty bonus for every corrupt officer they expose.

After the first few officers are caught, the rest will be on their guard, and many will be prepared to kill to keep what they have. In these circumstances, it is acceptable to kill a city official, since the adventurers are also city officials at the time.

A successful clean up of the river police should be worth at least a gain of one social level—two if the job was very thorough.

The House of Tilor

Lankhmar's Mercantile District is full of trading houses, some rich, some not, some big, some small, some honest, most not. And they're all out to make the biggest profit they can. Foremost among these houses is the House of Tilor. For as many years as anyone can remember, it has been the leading trader in all of Nehwon.

Located on the corner of Craft Street and Pinchback Alley (#25 in the Mercantile District), the House of Tilor occupies two large buildings. The first and original building is a fine, four-story edifice that stands out from its neighbors because it is a beautiful home as well as a high-class place of business.

The ground floor is split roughly in half, with the front half being the selling and dispatch area, and the rear half being the receiving and buying area. The second floor is entirely used for storage of goods and is under the control of Amur Tilor, the current eldest son. Goods are seldom kept in storage for more than a day—it costs money to keep things in storage.

The third and fourth floors are the family apartments. The Tilor family elders occupy spacious quarters on the fourth floor, and the younger members live on the third floor in smaller rooms.

The building across the street is also four stories high and was acquired from a rival trader who suddenly went out of business after an argument with Roman Tilor, the current patriarch. This building has a basement as well as above-ground floors, and the Tilors are refitting it so they can split their selling and buying operations. The ground floor has been converted to handle all selling. The second and third floors are to be converted to storage, as is the basement. The top floor will become Amur's family abode.

As soon as the building is ready for use, the ground floor of the original building will be converted to buying only, without needing to shut down that operation while the walls are pulled down. Also, the storage area on the

second floor will be converted to more quarters for the ever-increasing number of Tilor family members. Each of the current second to fourth sons will move up the family ladder, with the second son getting Amur's old rooms, and so on down the line.

In keeping with the family tradition, when Roman dies, all the sons except Amur will move out and start their own enterprises in Lankhmar or maybe elsewhere. The Tilor family is large enough to support trading posts of their own in other cities if they see a handsome profit in it. It may come as a surprise that no lesser ranked son of Tilor has ever refused to move out or tried to assassinate his elder brother(s) to claim the family business and fortune for his own. In reality, the younger sons are all well looked after by the family business, being granted the capital to set up their own ventures (as long as they don't compete directly with the House of Tilor), and if they fail, they're given a monthly stipend, each installment of which would feed most Nehwon families for over a year.

The House of Tilor is no different than most other Lankhmart businesses in their treatment of daughters. Daughters are a commodity to be "traded" with rivals or as part of an expansion of the business. Marriages of convenience are the norm for Tilor women. For that reason, daughters are not directly displayed on the Tilor family tree. They only show up on the extended tree as links to other important families.

A family such as the Tilors does not become successful without treading on a few toes. There are many in the City of Thieves, and elsewhere in Nehwon, who bear a grudge against the House of Tilor. Within Lankhmar, many of them have joined forces to form the Trading Post, while others are busy trying to prove the dishonesty of the Tilors. Everyone *knows* they are dishonest, but knowing it and proving it are two entirely different things.

For their part, the Tilors are careful about revealing details of their dealings to anyone. If a senior family member even suspects someone outside the family of knowing too

much, that person's life expectancy is not long if they stay in the city. So far, none of the Trading Post members or their allies have been thought a threat by the Tilors.

The family is totally self-interested and quite corrupt. If anyone were to get evidence of the corruption and make it public, the Tilors would be out of business in a few days. This is why they are so protective of their dealings and why any family wishing to marry one of its daughters into the House of Tilor must prove they bear no ill will toward the traders. There have been two attempts to "get at" the Tilors in this way. In both cases, the woman and her family were mysteriously murdered.

All Tilor sons must take a term in the city guard to get training enough to defend themselves if necessary against a would-be assassin. All are 2nd-level fighters, but they rarely need to dirty their own weapons, as they have employees to do that sort of thing.

Roman Tilor

Current patriarch; F2; hp 16; AL CN; age 43.

Amur Tilor

First son; F2; hp 15; AL CN; age 23; married with one son.

Borgam Tilor

Second son; F2; hp 13; AL CN; age 22; unmarried; no children.

Romero Tilor

Third son; F2; hp 13; AL CN; age 20; unmarried; one daughter by a mistress unknown to the rest of his family—he will do anything to protect his secret.

Craru Tilor

Fourth son; F2; hp 13; AL CN; age 18; unmarried; no children.

Adventure Hooks

The adventurers can either be hired as guards to protect the Tilor family from a threatened attack or, more likely, to attack them. There are plenty of folk in Lankhmar who would pay well to see the Tilors hurt or even put out of business. Some would pay even better if one or more Tilors were to turn up dead, but that is a bit extreme for a campaign.

If the party is short of funds, the House of Tilor is hiring guards at the moment and paying them each one rilk per week, plus board and lodging on the premises. The Trading Post will pay a flat 100 rilks if the House of Tilor is financially damaged, and 2,000 rilks if they are shut down. Hagrovar the merchant will pay 100 rilks for serious financial damage to the House of Tilor, and 1,500 if they are put out of business.

A smart group may want to claim both the purses and will probably get them. But they will also attract a lot of unwelcome attention to themselves. The Tilor family will not just sit back and take being hit, however mild or severe the damage. Maybe the Slayers' Brotherhood will be engaged to punish the perpetrators of this insult to the family, and woe to any adventuring company that sticks around to brag about their achievement.

An increase of one social level should be given if the adventurers claim the "reward" money and risk the vengeance of the family and the Slayers. Further increases are possible if the adventurers can elude the Slayers' vengeance long enough that they are forgotten by them. The same applies if the heroes manage to cause enough harm to their hunters that none will take a contract issued for the heroes' deaths. This should be worth at least one extra social level.

It is also possible to just rob the House of Tilor. Up to 3,000 rilks can be obtained for this one night of dangerous work.

Hagrovar

The Merchants' Consortium is often called the "other thieves' guild" by many of Lankmar's more honest citizens who often lose just as much money to the merchants as they do to any "honest" thief. The members of this guild are generally shrewd operators who make their living by buying low and selling high, to their gain and everyone else's loss. This is not always the case—many merchants are just trying to make an honest living.

Hagrovar is not one of those honest types. He is a double-dealing con artist who has managed to make it seem to his victims that their misfortune was none of his doing. He often returns a portion of the money he has taken from his victims just to show what a kind and generous fellow he is. Only a cynical person would note that he keeps the vast bulk of his ill-gotten gains to line his own pockets.

No trick is too low for Hagrovar if he can make a smerduk out of it. He has two scales on his wagon. One is used to weigh fresh produce he happens to be buying, and the other is used to weigh the same goods whenever he is selling them. The buying scales have been adjusted to be a bit tight, so they always read low by about 10%. The selling scales have weights on them, but every second weight is made of painted wood that weighs only a fraction of the amount written on it.

A customer buying two pounds of carrots is lucky to get a pound and a half. By the time Hagrovar robs his suppliers by 10%, adds his regulation one-third markup, and rips off his buyers by 25% or more, almost half the money he takes is profit, whereas an honest merchant makes only 25% profit.

Fresh produce is only a small part of Hagrovar's many diverse business ventures. He buys and sells bolts of cloth, weapons, and even jewelry. Much of his merchandise is contraband seized by the city guard from



people trying to evade the gate taxes. Such goods are sold at the regular auctions in the Pit, but Hagrovar has a few thieves in his employ who make sure he gets the best stuff long before the auction and at a much better price than what might otherwise be had. He continues to bid on and purchase a few things at auction to keep up the pretense of an honest merchant, though.

Hagrovar has no permanent shop, but trades mostly from a barrow he sets up in the Festival District. He is about 40 years old and 5'5" tall. He is slightly plump and not very fit, relying on his brains to keep him one step ahead or to get him out of trouble.

He was married once when he was in his early twenties, but his wife couldn't stand his business practices and left him within the year. He has not heard from her since she walked out, and he never gave her a thought after she left.

The thieves who work for Hagrovar are mostly Guild members—he doesn't want a run-in with the Guild—who steal things from the city's bond stores for money. There are six regular thieves in his employ, and for big jobs, the guild sends along extra men in return for a cut of the takings. Hagrovar pays the Guild their cut, but, even with the Thieves' Guild he can't resist the chance to rip someone off, so he undervalues the haul by 10 to 15 percent. If the guild ever finds out what he's been doing, he will surely be found face down in the River Hlal, but that's not likely, as Hagrovar is far smarter than the thieves who work for him.

Once every six months or so, Hagrovar packs up his barrow and loads all his goods and chattels into a wagon to tour the land. He claims to be broadening his contacts and bringing his wares to all the people, when in fact he is getting out of the city for a month to six weeks to make sure things don't get too hot for him at home. This is just another example of Hagrovar's cunning.

If he were younger or a bit richer, he might be accepted into the House of Tilor if he married one of the daughters.

Adventure Hooks

1. A man like Hagrovar has many enemies who would pay to see him brought down. A noble who was conned or a simple citizen who's had enough will hire the party to do some damage to Hagrovar. It doesn't need to be physical damage, although it might be. Exposing his roots or catching his tame thieves in the bond stores would do far more long-term damage than simply beating him up.

Stealing his goods, and then offering them for sale on a nearby barrow the next day, would be a huge embarrassment to him and would surely invite retribution. This is a possible way to get a long-term enemy of the heroes into your campaign.

How much they get paid depends on who is hiring them. Nobles can afford more than common folk, or it may even be that a party member was ripped off, making the matter personal. Other rewards are also tied to the principal of the job. Gaining a social level for exposing the crook is more likely if one or more commoners hired the party, since they will all be lurking around to see what happens.

There is a 10% chance that anything the party steals from Hagrovar will include one magical item. If a magical item is present, give the adventurers whatever you think they deserve or need.

2. Hagrovar wants to hire more thieves so he can expand his less honest operations. He wants to move more into the big time and leave his street barrow days behind. An out-of-work party of mostly thieves would be ideal as long as they are guilded.

He pays 30% of the take to his thieves, and he always robs them just like he does the Thieves' Guild. Clever heroes may very well decide to play him at his own game and take their cut before they deliver the haul to Hagrovar. This is up to you to adjudicate.

The Trading Post

Situated on Pimp Street, between Cash and Craft Streets, is the Trading Post (#28 in the Mercantile District). It was set up only a few weeks ago by a consortium of citizens who wished to compete with the House of Tilor because they were sick of being ripped off by unscrupulous merchants. Also, more than a few of them actually have more personal bones to pick with the House of Tilor and would like nothing better than to run the crooked merchants out of business—permanently. The current operators of the Trading Post are the Farmers' Consortium, the Janki Family, the Gorsini Brothers, and Morart and Sons.

The Trading Post occupies three buildings in a horseshoe pattern on the western side of Pimp Street. The large, middle building is three stories high and the two outer buildings are each one story.

The two small buildings are where the consortium does all its buying. The farmers look after the south building and buy local and imported produce, generally for a bit more than the House of Tilor pays. The north building is for manufactured goods such as cloth and metal, as well as any unusual items. The other members of the consortium each have two buyers in this building. Prices are again a bit better than Tilor pays.

The main building is where the selling is done. The ground floor is stocked with all manner of items, all for slightly less money than Tilor charges for the same thing. At the rear of the building are some basic quarters for the guards to use. The consortium pays for 24-hour guards on all three buildings, since they fear an attack from the House of Tilor at any time.

The upper floors of the main building are mostly storage areas, although there is a small office on the second floor where the daily income and expenditures are counted and acquitted. For a city of thieves, the trust shown by the consortium members for each other is quite remarkable.

The only rule about money is that there must be two people from different groups present to count it. Even more remarkable is that all the members of the consortium are honest with each other—their concern is to put the House of Tilor out of business, and they can't do that unless they trust each other first.

The Trading Post also serves as a de facto headquarters for the Farmers' Consortium, which is not strictly a Lankhmar guild, as there are no farms within the City of Seven-score Thousand Smokes. They are all well outside the city limits. Still, a combined voice from the farmers is long overdue, and the Trading Post is providing it, much to the farmers' delight.

Piotr Ladan is the nominal guildmaster, but he is really just the prime motivator of the farmers' group at the Trading Post. Piotr is a typical farmer, strong and lean with skin wrinkled and weather-beaten from spending so many long hours out in the sun. He is almost 40 years old and has salt-and-pepper hair and a beard. His blue eyes are often dull with the stress of running a new business, but they reveal the occasional spark of life. Piotr does most of the buying in the south building.

Amadus Morart was a small merchant who was put out of business years ago by the House of Tilor. He is a bitter man, driven by thoughts of revenge. Amadus was one of the three principals who dreamt up the idea of the Trading Post. He is 47 years old, as near as anyone can tell, and has a pot belly on an otherwise trim figure. He is still quite strong and can easily carry a bag of flour on each shoulder.

Amadus' wife died shortly after he was driven out of business, another reason to drive the House of Tilor to the wall.

His two sons, Adum (25) and Pilan (22), work at the Trading Post with him. Pilan is almost always one of the two doing the books each night, and he has shown a gift for numbers and pricing strategies that bodes ill for competitors as he gets older.

Adum is in charge of the guards, in addition to his normal duties as a salesman in the main building. He doesn't stand watch, but he does do all the hiring and paying of guards, as well as firing them should the need arise. To date, no guards have been fired.

Junnas Janki is another victim of the House of Tilor. He stayed in business no matter what they did to bankrupt him, but when his shop mysteriously burnt down while his seven-year-old daughter was in it, Junnas and his wife, Leenak, decided to get out with their other two children while they still could.

Junnas does not have Amadus' hatred of the House of Tilor, but he does want to run a business and to be successful in memory of his little girl. When he was offered the chance to join the Trading Post consortium, he jumped at it.

Junnas and Leenak can usually be found in the north building, although Leenak sometimes helps out selling in the main building.

Their two children, Anna (5) and Jason (3), spend their days playing in the guards' rooms or with their grandparents.

Michel and Anton Gorsini are twin brothers who lost their parents to a Tilor raid when the boys were only 12. They would have been killed too, but they were away with their uncle, learning how to barter. Uncle Semat raised them until his death three months ago.

Michel and Anton are now 17 and have inherited enough money to make them full partners-in the Trading Post. The other members have conveniently overlooked the boys' youth and that they haven't reached majority. With the state of public records being what it is in Lankhmar, if the twins claim to be 18, it would be difficult to disprove anyway.

Despite their tender years, the Gorsini brothers are accomplished traders. Many a merchant has taken their youth as a sign of an easy mark, only to find himself accepting less for his wares than the older members might have paid. The same is true in the main building when the twins are selling. They drive as hard a bargain as their older partners, or harder.

Adventure Hooks.

1. The Trading Post is expecting trouble from the House of Tilor sometime soon. New guards are being hired to ensure the safety of the Trading Post and its customers.

As there is known danger to be faced, not just a possibility, the pay is one silver smerduk per person per day. Guarding is done in shifts, eight hours on, four hours off, all day. There are currently 24 guards (F2) in three shifts of eight. What is needed is some leaders to organize the troops for the assault.

When the attack does come, it will be 30 hired thugs from the Slayers' Brotherhood. Most are simple bruisers (F1): THAC0 20; Dmg 1d6 (short swords); hp 7.

There is one wizard (W2): THAC0 20; Dmg 1d4 dagger; hp 6. His spells are *sleep* and *magic missile*. He has a *wand of magic missiles* with 12 charges left.

There are four warriors (F3): THAC0 18; Dmg 1d6 (poisoned short swords – Type B); hp 25. The leaders are two thieves (T4): THAC0 19; Dmg 1d6; short swords; hp 17. The thieves are all wearing leather armor, and the wizard is dressed in black robes. The thugs have no armor.

The total XP for driving off or killing this force should be about 200 each. The number and levels of the attackers can be modified to suit the heroes' levels. The wizard's wand can be kept by the party if desired, or sold. An advance in social level is possible if the job is cleanly and efficiently done.

2. The House of Tilor has offered a purse of 500 gold rilks to any person or persons who will shut down the Trading Post, no questions asked.

A party desperate for money could take this job, in which case the defenders of the Trading Post will be the 30 Slayers listed above as attackers.

Nonbargel the Fence

In the City of Thieves, it hardly comes as a surprise that fences are in great demand. Also not surprising is that they can be found in every district of the city and that their clientele vary enormously. Some will buy almost anything, but pay very little. Others are very selective about what they will handle, but they pay better prices for the things they are willing to take.

Nonbargel is one of the high-class fences. He has a modest, two-story shop on Cash Street (#20 in the Cash District). He is a suave man, always elegantly dressed in the latest fashion to impress his buyers. He doesn't care much for his sellers, with one or two exceptions.

Nonbargel stands an inch or two under six feet, depending on the shoes he happens to be wearing, and he weighs a little under 200 pounds. In spite of his apparently sedentary lifestyle, he is a fit man who can move very fast when forced to. His thick mass of curly, brown hair sits above a handsome face with green eyes and an aquiline nose. His age is somewhere around 30, but like many in Lankhmar, Nonbargel has no idea exactly how old he is, nor does he particularly care.

It is an unwritten rule in the City of Seven-score Thousand Smokes that the fences may neither poach each other's sellers nor align themselves with either the Thieves' Guild or any freelance band. Even so, Nonbargel is secretly aligned with many members of the the Thieves' Guild, a secret he is at pains to conceal lest he lose business from other sources.

Nonbargel is therefore nominally a "safe" contact for non-guild thieves in trouble for stealing something too hot to handle. These are the sellers Nonbargel has no time for. He will sometimes take their merchandise if it is top quality, but usually sends them to someone more appropriate. He always ensures the thief is caught by bringing the theft to the attention of the Thieves' Guild or the city guard.

Nonbargel has been accused of occasionally poaching workers from other fences, but he has always claimed they approached him. As it is a difficult accusation to prove, and if proved it would only involve a fine from the Fraternity of Fences, his accusers have always let the matter drop. Still, many of Lankhmar's fences keep a close eye on Nonbargel.

As a high-class fence, Nonbargel deals only in the finest quality merchandise, and he generally has a buyer for any item before it is stolen. He has his regular thieves who do the burglaries for him, and he pays them very well.

He uses only thieves from Midnight's band, but he keeps that fact even better hidden than the thefts he arranges to order.

Nonbargel is loyal to Midnight as well as to his Fences' Guild and would never betray either like he does the common Guild thieves for whom he has little respect.

Nonbargel has no family in Lankhmar and has shown no interest in starting one. He has had several lovers, some famous and others not, including a brief liaison with Midnight before she took an interest in a certain Northerner. Nonbargel contemplated taking revenge on Fafhrd, but quickly decided that it wasn't worth risking his lucrative business arrangement with Midnight just to soothe his male ego. Besides, he has often been heard to say, when his relationships end, "There's always a new woman waiting around life's corner."

Among the many fine items Nonbargel buys and sells, he prizes magical items the most. He will buy any magical item, no matter how much or how little magic power it has. The best thieves in the city all know of Nonbargel's permanent order for any magical items and will often take them to him, even if the haul the items are in is a pre-sold package. The reason is money. Nonbargel pays at least one and a half times what any other fence would pay for any magical item, and he never asks where it came from, how it came into its current owner's possession, or why it is being sold.

While no experienced fence would ask these questions of any seller in other worlds, magic is so scarce all over Nehwon that most fences are simply covering their own backs by ensuring that Ningauble or Sheelba or some other wizard won't be coming to reclaim their property.

The other thing for which Nonbargel is well known is his willingness to handle any item if he has a buyer for it. Nothing is too hot for Nonbargel if he commissioned its theft. Of course, this means he has the ability to dispose of unexpected hot items as well, but he almost always provides the local law with an anonymous tip off to the whereabouts of any unsolicited acquirer of merchandise. His main reason behind betraying these desperate souls is to undermine the Thieves' Guild, which he wants to see replaced by Midnight's band as the major criminal force in Lankhmar. He also hopes to win back Midnight's heart by aiding her in bringing down the Guild, but this is a deep secret he won't even admit to himself.



Adventure Hook.

This scenario assumes most party members are at least part thief, that they are competent at what they do, and that they are short of money and in need of cash in a hurry.

Nonbargel is heading for a fall. His competitors have had enough of his poaching and have decided that the simplest way to end it is to have him killed. He has gotten word of the plot and has decided to frame some adventurers to "prove" his innocence.

He hires the heroes to steal a sword from another fence, claiming the sword was originally stolen from him so the heroes aren't really stealing at all, just recovering stolen property. The pay is five gold rilks per person. While they are recovering the sword, Nonbargel wants them to get the other fence's list of workers and bring it to him.

As soon as the adventurers leave, Nonbargel plans to contact both the target fence and the Guild. He intends for the heroes to get caught with the book of names, thus proving his innocence and indeed his dedication to his fellow fences. There will be a confrontation after the theft, and the heroes will not be given a chance to explain. Nonbargel warns everyone how dangerous the heroes are, and that they will fight to the death.

To win, the adventurers must avoid killing their opponents while staying alive so they can talk their way out. If they have to kill all the others, they should find a clue that Nonbargel set them up.

The heroes have one day before the Thieves' Guild attacks. Breaking into Nonbargel's shop nets up to 20,000 gold rilks worth of stuff. A careful search locates his stash of magical items: a *wand of wonder* (82 charges), a *ring of jumping*, and a *long bow* +2.

Scarface

Scarface the fence is famous among the Thieves of Lankhmar for his willingness to fence anything, no matter what. He has boasted he will take the Overlord's crown from any thief who is brave or foolish enough to steal it. He won't touch any religious objects, though, for reasons of his own.

Scarface's pawnshop is in the Festival District, on Glipkerio (#17). He owns three buildings and rents out most of them as apartments. The pawnshop is on the ground and second floors of the middle building. According to the plans, the storeroom is in the rear building, accessed by a narrow passageway. There is a connecting bridge between the second floors of the pawnshop and the other main building.

Both buildings on Glipkerio are five-story tenements. Scarface rents out the top three floors above his shop, and the ground and third to fifth floors of the other one. He lives

on the second floor across from his shop. The above-ground floors in both buildings are accessible only by an external staircase. Tenants do not have access to Scarface's quarters or internal access to the shop.

The rear building is only three stories with a storage area on the ground floor and apartments above. Access is, again, via an external staircase and not through the ground floor.

Apart from what's on the floor plans, Scarface has made some changes. There is a secret basement under the shop and another under the other main building. Neither is very large, but both are used to hide those items which might attract the interest of the local authorities.

Scarface is regularly raided by the city guard, but the only stolen goods they find are minor items of little interest. Scarface leaves these low-value items in his regular storeroom, cunningly "hidden" in an old chest so the guards think they're clever when they find them and don't do a thorough search which might find the basement access hatch.

As you might expect, it's obvious where Scarface gets his name. When he was a much younger thief, he attempted to steal a purse from a swordsman. Since Scarface was still learning his trade, the swordsman caught him, and as Scarface tried to flee, he was nicked along the right cheek by the warrior's blade. He got away, but carries the reminder of his folly to this day.

Scarface is 5'2" tall and weighs a little over 120 pounds. He is not very physical at any time, preferring to leave that kind of thing to his two helpers. Scarface's right eye is partially closed because of the scar, and there is an area near his ear where hair will not grow. He is in his mid-thirties with blue eyes and blond hair which he grows long to help hide his disfigurement.

His two helpers could be twins, but they are not. Ginuh and Nunim are politely called assistants—what they really are is muscle to make sure Scarface doesn't get pushed around by barbarian thieves anxious to make a quick sale.



Each of them is almost 6'4" tall and weighs about 280 pounds. They carry billy clubs and long swords at all times. It is almost impossible to tell by simply looking at them which of them is which, but Scarface seems to have no trouble telling them apart at all. He pays them very well to keep him safe, but even they do not know about the entirely secret basements.

Since Scarface will take nearly any item, no matter how hot, he can afford to pay lower rates than other fences. Fences always rip off the thieves who come to them, and price is almost always affected by how hot the item is. The longer a fence must sit on an item before selling it, the less the thief will get paid for it.

As a guide, Scarface pays the same as any other fence for small items of low value—about one third of their worth. For more valuable items, he pays anything from one quarter their value to less than one tenth for a really expensive or unique item.

For example, a pearl necklace given to a noblewoman as a twentieth wedding anniversary present is probably the only one of its kind. While it probably cost the original owners several glulditches when first purchased, Scarface would pay only 40 or 50 gold rilks for it because it is likely he'll have to remove the pearls and sell them individually, then melt the chain and recast it. The total price he might get is maybe 200 gold rilks, and he'll need to work for it.

The above example is how Scarface explains his pricing to thieves in a hurry. What really happens with such items is that he sends a message to the owner that the item can be recovered for a fee. In the above example, 200 gold rilks is about right, so Scarface gets the same profit—less the messenger's cut—but he has to do far less work, and the necklace stays in one piece. Like many fences, Scarface has an eye for beauty, and he would not wantonly destroy such a unique piece of jewelry just for a few coins. If the owner refused to pay, Scarface would reluctantly break the necklace up.

Adventure Hooks

Fences and adventurers can always find some common ground. Whether the fence has something the adventurers want, either for themselves or for someone else, or the adventurers have something they need to turn into cash in a hurry, each needs the other to survive.

Scarface, as a high-risk-taking fence, is more likely than most to be a regular stop on any party's agenda. Fences not only buy goods, but sell them as well.

Suppose an adventuring company has been in Lankhmar for about a year and has amassed a few thousand gold rilks. Now, they want to move on to Ilthmar and try their luck. A few thousand gold rilks are going to be quite heavy and bulky to move as well as being worth less than face value in Ilthmar because they will be foreign coins there. But, what if the company were to buy a ruby tiara or an emerald necklace? Such trinkets are easily transported and are a form of universal currency. Buying a stolen piece of jewelry from Scarface and selling it in Ilthmar or elsewhere shouldn't end up costing too much money and may even make the traders a small profit. If the jewelry is very hot in Lankhmar, Scarface will sell it for double what he paid, leaving the heroes a huge margin of profit, as they can sell it elsewhere for up to half its worth.

An enterprising party will work with Scarface to take portable items which are hard to sell in town because they'll be recognized, and sell them elsewhere. The exact financial arrangements are up to the DM, but there's easily enough fat in the system to allow tidy profits for all.

Still the gate guards may need to be bribed, and there's the possibility of the rightful owners launching an investigation to get their property back. This won't always be a milk run for the heroes, although smuggling stolen goods is often less perilous than fighting a monster.

Indeggo the Fence

Fences in the City of Thieves are almost as common as thieves. There are those who have their own "stables" of thieves to do thefts for themselves, those who handle goods from any thief who comes in, and just about any variation in between. Indeggo is one of those who will handle almost any goods except things which are obviously from the Overlord's Citadel.

Indeggo is a mysterious fence in that no one has ever seen her face or even knows she is a woman. She is allergic to sunlight, but she is not an albino. She always wears a thick, hooded robe made of dark blue material in daylight hours, and she keeps it on after dark to add to the mystery. Her voice has been disguised by a clever device sewn into her robe. The device was made for her by the Artificers' Guild.

She is a little over 5'6", and weighs about 140 pounds. It's hard to tell exactly because of her clothing. For the same reason, there is no clear description of her, and even her hair and eye color are unknown. Any person you meet in the street after dark could be Indeggo the fence.

Indeggo has a small shop just off Ox Cart Road in the Park District (#22). She is close to the Festival District, so pickpockets often use her shop to unload things other than coins that they have "acquired."

The shop is a two-story place, and Indeggo lives on the upper floor. She doesn't have any special guards or other protection, but she pays her money to the Thieves' Guild, which looks after her because she looks after its members.

The pickpockets are not Indeggo's only customers. She is well known as someone who will take care of stolen goods no matter how hot they are. While this is true, valuable or unique items seldom come her way, as she doesn't pay as well as some of the classier fences. A lower payment is the price thieves pay for a quick sale of items which could get them a long jail term or worse.

Adventure Hooks

Indeggo has come into possession of an item that almost everyone wants. It's a holy prayer gem from the Church of Iguan that the (wealthy) faithful hold in their hands while seeking Iguan's blessing.

Indeggo wants the huge, green emerald with a mysterious, yellow-green light in its depths to go to the highest bidder, since that's how she makes her living. She plans to auction it in three days and is letting all interested parties know.

The Thieves' Guild wants it so they can extort even more from the church before they return it. The priests of Iguan want it back because it is rightfully theirs or is at least sacred to Iguan. It was won for them by Iguan from the Rat God many centuries ago. The priests of the Rat God want it because it was once theirs and thought to be lost in days so long gone no living person remembers them. Only the Rat God's sacred scrolls tell of the glowing stone that supposedly opens a channel direct to the god.

Indeggo needs guards for the three days before the auction. She will pay up to 20 gold rilks per person for the job.

The Thieves' Guild will definitely try to steal the gem before the auction. Both temples will hire adventurers to steal the gem before the auction, too.

Whoever the heroes are working for, they will be up against three other groups. As guards, they will be kept busy driving off attempts by many small-time thieves as well as the Thieves' Guild and the temples.

As workers for either temple, they will have to confront rival groups either before they get to Indeggo's or after they have the gem.

Whoever they are working for, the adventurers should always be outnumbered, but never outclassed, by their opponents. The reward must be earned, but should not be impossible to get.

The Vintners' Guild

The largest guild in the Park District, at least by the number of acres of property owned, is the Vintners' Guild. They own all the buildings in the first two minor blocks bounded by Festival and Pimp Streets and Fools Gold Court.

The small building in the corner of Fools Gold Court is the guild offices (#19). This is a two-story building with the offices on the ground floor and the guildmaster's residence on the second floor.

The building next to the offices is the warehouse management building. It is a single-story building that has office space and a large common room for the workers to have lunch.

The long, thin building on the corner holds tasting rooms. Here, potential buyers may sample many different vintages before making their selections.

The other eight buildings all have deep cellars to help with temperature control. Hundreds of barrels of wine are stored here. The three warehouses in the first block are used mostly for current vintages from local vineyards. About half the guild's trade (by volume) is in these local wines. White wines are sold after six months in the vats; reds are sold after two years.

The four warehouses in the back block are used for older wines and those imported from other parts of Nehwon. The largest of the four, on Pimp Street, holds stocks of local wines up to 60 years old. These very old wines are used for blending with brandy and newer reds to make Lankhmar's famous ports. As they are, any wine over 20 years old is undrinkable and therefore of no great value. Collectors want their wines in bottles, not in 200-gallon casks.

The other three warehouses hold the wines of Nehwon, except the few casks that find their way to Lankhmar from Eevanmareensee. These casks are taken straight to the cellars and through the secret tunnel to the Carved Idol.

Adventure Hook

The guild has obtained 12 bottles of a rare wine from Oerth, Splendorine, that they won't sell because they are intended as gifts for some of their best customers, mostly Carved Idol patrons. So far, three bottles have been given away.

Two of the customers tried to drink it, but it dissolved their golden goblets! Suspecting the Vintners of some treachery, they demanded an explanation.

The guild tested another bottle and found it, too, dissolved gold on contact. They quickly realized this wine could not be used as a drink, but the guildmaster thought at once that either of Nehwon's alien sorcerers would have a use for it.

The adventurers are hired to take the remaining bottles to either Ningauble or Sheelba. It is likely they have never heard of these two, and even if they have, finding them can be very difficult.

The whitesmiths have heard about the wine's properties and have hired the Slayers' Brotherhood to get it for them. The Slayers will send 20 low-level thugs for it.

The Thieves' Guild have also heard about it and want it, too. They will send six high-level thieves to get it.

If the heroes find either sorcerer, the sorcerer will discover that the wine also functions as a *potion of neutralize poison*. Whether they tell the heroes or the Vintners' Guild is up to the DM.

If an adventurer is bitten by a spider or snake or poisoned by a thief's dagger, the party might discover the wine's additional property if the adventurer is given a soothing drink by his or her friends.

Somehow, the heroes should get the information about the wine's curative property. Once this is known, there will be a market for the wine all over Nehwon. An increase in social level is certain if this information is revealed to the citizens of Lankhmar.

The Leatherworkers' Guild

The Leatherworkers' Guild rents three buildings on the corner of Great Gate and Ox Cart Roads in the Park District (#24). They are close to the Festival District for a reason. While most citizens think of armor or a smith's apron, if they think of leather at all, the guild's members are far more versatile and imaginative than that.

Over the years, the leatherworkers have managed to broaden their lines and their customer base to include far more than one might think. Among the more popular leather products in the guild's marketplace are hair clips, belts and wrist guards.

Calf-high boots are a big seller among the women, especially prostitutes, as are whips and leather thongs. The folk who frequent the Festival District can usually find one or more exotic leather item to suit their taste. Even leather undergarments can be had if the customer has the money.



The guild's three buildings each have their own function. The smallest building, at the rear of the complex, is the administration area of the guild, and the two upper floors are simple bunkrooms for members to use if they don't wish to travel home after work. There are three stories to the building.

The building which fronts onto Great Gate Road is set up as a workshop for the use of any guild member who pays a nominal fee. New members often use the guild's facilities until they get enough money together to set up their own workshop.

There are large tanks for boiling leather armor in oil, flat tables for laying out patterns, tools for carving runes or patterns into the leather, and a storeroom each for raw leather and finished works. Many keen leatherworkers live above the guild offices for a year or more while they work in this building to get the money for their own place. The camaraderie in the workshop is remarkable when you consider that these people are really competitors. They don't see it that way, preferring to think of each other as fellow craftsmen to be respected. It's an ideal that would not be out of place in many more guilds in Lankhmar, but it hasn't caught on.

The final building in the complex is the one facing Ox Cart Road and the Festival District. This is where the guild has set up a covered marketplace for its members. The market sells only leather goods, and any guild member can hire space for three agols per day. There are no permanent spaces—it's first come, first served.

The market is open every day, but most leatherworkers take a space only once a week or even once every two weeks. Demand is so high that they can sell almost everything in a day, and they need the time to make more goods.

The marketplace is a godsend to the Guild members. It means they can work anywhere they can set up their tools. They don't need a shop to sell their wares, so they can rent a home without a shop, and thus pay a lot less.

The man behind this novel idea of a guild really doing something for its members was Agaret, a guildmaster who died over 50 years ago. His successors have all managed to somehow keep the ideal alive either because they believed in it themselves or because they could see the size of the guild's coffers since Agaret was master.

The Leatherworkers' Guild is a fine example of everyone making a tidy profit when everyone works for the mutual benefit of all. Even the Thieves' Guild profits from the way the leatherworkers operate, both from the protection money and the easy pickings in the guild's marketplace. Only guild members are safe from having their pocket picked in the market; everyone else is fair game.

The leatherworkers do not currently have a master since Rodney died last week. For now, three of the guild's senior members are jointly running the day-to-day affairs until a new leader can be chosen. The new leader will almost certainly be one of the three.

At 43, Madsen is the oldest of the three. He is a talented worker who makes leather armor for the city guard most of the time. His well-made armor has served the guards well for many years, often stopping or softening a blow that lesser workmanship would have allowed through. If Madsen is chosen to lead the guild, the city guard will be poorer for it.

Talevar is a younger man whose talents run to the more exotic goods. Black leather corsets and suspender belts are his stock in trade, but he is no less talented than Madsen just because his interests differ. Since he began selling his wares in the marketplace 12 years ago, Talevar has only once failed to sell every item on his table. If he becomes guildmaster, Talevar will try to keep his business going as well.

Damios is the youngest of the three, but he is seen as a rising star by all the guild. His hands can do wonders with any piece of leather, and he holds the record for getting through an apprenticeship at just six weeks. The worst thing about Damios being master would be the loss of his wares on the streets.

Adventure Hooks

The biggest threat to the Leatherworkers' Guild is some talented freelancer or a rival guild from another city setting up in competition with the guild members.

While it is true that most members use the marketplace, some prefer to sell their wares in the Plaza of Dark Delights or other markets in the city. It is these members who are under threat from outsiders, as no one could seriously contemplate directly taking on the marketplace.

The members who sell in other places keep a careful watch for non-guild sellers of leather goods and report any they see to the guild as soon as they can.

What they have found is a man from Kokgnab who trades in garments woven from metal. While he isn't trading in leather goods, he is a direct threat to the leatherworkers, as his goods are both unusual and of the highest quality. The guild wants to know more about the man from Kokgnab, who has no name he will share with others. He claims it is part of the mystique to be anonymous.

If approached directly, he will refuse to cooperate in any way, but various things can be found out about his wondrous garments if the right questions are asked.

He learned the technique in a dream from a dark mage whom he had never seen before (Ningauble, if anyone can piece together a description).

His garments improve the protection offered by normal leather-based armor by one point. The metal fabric is sewn inside leather garments as padding. It grants no bonus if used in metal-based armor.

The man has no idea why he was given the gift, but it would be unwise to try to put him out of business. He can eventually be convinced to share his good fortune with the leatherworkers in a profitable enterprise. Again, there is no reason known to mortals why Ningauble arranged this.

The Fences' Guild

Located on the corner of Grain and Cash Streets, (#18 in the Cash District) this guild house is also home to the Moneylenders' Guild. This four-story building houses the administration of both guilds. Of course, each guild claims to be the primary owner, permitting the other guild tenancy in the building. This rivalry is not likely to ever get beyond words, as the building is actually jointly owned by both guilds.

The ground floor is kept by a legitimate moneylender named Graat, who acts as the first contact for anyone wishing to do business with either guild. He is an aging man with a large belly, but his eyes betray the keen mind in his bald head. Graat is fair in his dealings and makes few mistakes in deciding who to admit to the rest of the building.

Graat is a member of both the Fences' and the Moneylenders' Guilds, although he pays no dues. His fees are his watchfulness.

Although Graat denies there is anything more than apartments on the upper floors, it is well known in Lankhmar that the guilds have their headquarters in this building.

Once past Graat, the stairs go up to the Moneylenders' Guild offices on the second floor, the famous vaults on the third floor, and the Fences' Guild offices on the top floor.

The security around the vaults is well known throughout the City of Thieves, as is the fact that nothing other than the monthly dues is stored in them. Anyone visiting the Fences' Guild is well advised to keep to the stairs and not venture onto the third floor.

Once the visitors arrive on the top floor, Parlane, the guildmaster's assistant, greets them. Parlane is a slight woman with an olive complexion and dark hair. She dresses only in the most alluring garments, partly to put would-be attackers off-guard and partly so she can quickly draw her two daggers if there is trouble. Only when she is satisfied that the visitors are not a threat and have a legitimate reason for being there will she admit them to the guildmaster's presence.

Parlane

T4; SL 6; AL NG; AC 6 (due to Dexterity); MV 12; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); Str 14; Dex 18; Con 11; Int 13; Wis 11; Cha 17

Drelut the guildmaster is a wiry man, about 45 years of age. He has dark brown eyes, a dark complexion, and wispy, black hair. He does not fence goods from the office but restricts his normal activities to taking dues and recruiting new members. Drelut hardly does any fencing at all these days. He is too busy with guild affairs to tend a shop.

As head of the Fences' Guild, Drelut is also entitled to attend the weekly, second-floor meetings of the Moneylenders' Guild in which the high finances that supposedly control the city's economy are discussed. Drelut is too polite to tell the moneylenders they are not as much in control as they think, and besides, the meetings are a source of information too valuable to pass up. Drelut knows that the true power in any city is information, not money.

When Drelut trusts someone enough, he shares the location of the secret entrance with them. This allows them direct access from the street to the top floor, without alerting anyone to the fact that they are there. The hidden stairway is in an alley behind the guild house, through the back door to an apartment.

The top floor also contains the records of the Fences' Guild. Most fences keep at least two sets of books, one for the tax collector and one for what really happens. Some keep even more sets of books so they can keep the legitimate goods, the shady goods, and the hot goods separate in case the city guard wants to investigate a theft. These ledgers are normally put in the guild house when they are full or when a fence wants to keep a deal private.

The security of these ledgers is excellent. Anyone who wants to get a look at them without Drelut knowing would have to get past the downstairs security, then find the

correct safe (there are six, all hidden, each in a distinctly different location), and crack it without setting off an alarm or trap. It has been tried several times, but there has yet to be a successful theft from the fences' guild house.

The best-kept secret of the Fences' Guild is that Parlane is Drelut's niece. Apart from the two of them, nobody else in Lankhmar knows of the relationship, and they have no other family.

If anyone were to discover the secret, Drelut would try to ensure they never revealed it by whatever means he deemed necessary. Not a naturally violent man, he would prefer to buy silence than kill for it.

In Lankhmar, if there aren't a few rumors circulating about guilds and notable individuals, something is wrong. Current rumors about the Fences' Guild are listed on the table below.

Rumors About the Fences' Guild

- 1) They are planning to take over the city's economy so they can increase their funds (true, but they and the Moneylenders are always planning something like this).
- 2) They have just received a large shipment of goods stolen in Kvarch Nar (false, but if there's one around, they'd like to know about it).
- 3) Drelut is deathly ill, and his successor has not been chosen (false on both counts).
- 4) Parlane is Drelut's lover (false).
- 5) Parlane is Drelut's daughter (false, but not surprising, since the family resemblance is there—this one is worrying Drelut, who has tried to avoid giving anyone the chance to put two and two together).
- 6) The guild has just bought a ship to help get really hot items out of Lankhmar (true, but they don't have a crew for it yet).
- 7) The fences are planning to take over the moneylenders and so increase their influence (false—Drelut gets too much from the weekly meetings to consider such a takeover).

Adventure Hook

Parlane has gone missing, and there is a ransom note from the Slayers' Brotherhood on behalf of an unidentified third party. The ransom is three glulditches, way beyond what anyone would pay for a simple assistant.

But Drelut wants Parlane back. He does not want to pay the ransom, but he will pay 100 rilks per party member, up to 700 rilks, if the heroes agree to keep the ransom appointment and deal with the kidnappers or their agents in an appropriate manner.

The seven kidnappers include three 6th-level fighters armed with long swords and daggers. Each has 43 hit points and a THAC0 of 15, except one who has a THAC0 of 13 due to his *long sword* +2. There are two 7th-level thieves armed with short swords and poisoned daggers (Type A). Each thief has 29 hit points and a THAC0 of 17. The final two gang members are black wizards. One is fourth level, and the other (the gang leader) is seventh level.

The 4th-level wizard has 10 hit points and these spells: *burning hands*, *hypnotism*, *magic missile*, *darkness* 15' radius, and *web*.

The seventh-level wizard has 19 hit points and the following spells: *chill touch*, *magic missile* (2), *sleep*, *flaming sphere*, *invisibility*, *stinking cloud*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*, and *ice storm*. She is totally covered in black robes, so her hideous face cannot be seen. She will not speak, except to cast spells, as her voice sounds like the laugh of a hyena.

If the party defeats the gang, they get the reward, and they can take the magical sword and the wizards' spell components. The total XP for this adventure should be 4,500, plus 100 each for the reward money. An advance in social level is 60% likely.

If the adventurers discover Parlane's secret, Drelut will offer them 100 rilks each to keep quiet.

The Dye & Ink Makers' Guild

In the Cash District of Lankhmar is the headquarters of the Dye and Ink Makers' Guild (#19). It's a three-story building on Cash Street, near the First Steppes. The dye and ink makers deal mostly with colorings for cloths, as well as inks for the Scribes' Guild.

Although the pigments used in the dyes and inks are identical, the art of mixing the ingredients is very different. No one member of the guild can do both jobs—each is either a dye maker or an ink maker.

The guild can also supply dyes for changing hair color, either wash-out or semi-permanent. These dyes are in great demand by thieves and others who wish to disguise themselves, as well as by courtesans whose escorts have a favorite hair color. For a large fee, skin dyes can also be had to assist in a more convincing disguise. Skin dyes are illegal in Lankhmar precisely because they can be used to totally alter a person's appearance.



The guild's most expensive items are the magical inks that wizards need to prepare scrolls. Even the most vile black wizard would not consider refusing to pay for his supplies and then not be able to obtain the inks in future. Note that both Ningauble and Sheelba get their inks elsewhere.

The shop is run by Bella, the current guildmaster's wife. She is tall and willowy, in her mid-thirties, and a handsome woman. She has shoulder-length brunette hair, and soft brown eyes that belie the sharp mind behind them. She is very knowledgeable about all the products in the shop, even down to which dye is best suited to which fabric. She knows all about inks, too, as well as which special ink is required by which wizard. It is rumored throughout Lankhmar that Bella is the real guildmaster, but this is not true.

The price for a box of fabric dye is usually one smerduk for the basic dye and 15 agols for dye that will take to less porous fabric. Inks for parchment are 12 agols a bottle, and for vellum they cost 15 agols. Each box of dye will color a full bolt of fabric, and each bottle of ink is enough for three pages of writing.

The prices for hair dyes vary according to the desired color (red is very expensive), as well as the customer's need for the dye and ability to pay for it. Hair dye is never less than two rilks per small box, enough to dye one normal head of hair.

Skin dyes are more expensive still, for several reasons. They must be resistant to body fluids such as sweat, they must be used in fairly large quantities to cover a whole body, and, being illegal, they aren't supposed to be on sale at all. The guild is like any other business in the City of the Black Toga—it charges whatever the market will bear, and the black market will bear quite a lot. Skin dye costs a minimum of five gold rilks for a box.

Magical inks are the most exclusive and expensive of the guild's products. The prices vary wildly, depending on the power of the purchasing wizard and the time of year. Since many of the inks require special ingredients, some inks cannot always be blended.

In general, the more powerful the wizard, the more exotic the ink and, therefore, the more expensive. Most wizards pay from 80 to 250 rilks for a bottle of ink to write one scroll or one page in a spellbook.

Above the shop are the guild's offices, storerooms for ingredients, and the guildmaster's quarters. Janos, the current guildmaster, is a tall man, solidly built. He has thick eyebrows over his brown eyes, and his hair is graying. Janos has a permanent cough that is getting worse, and the healers can do nothing to help him. He has tuberculosis and will die of it sometime in the next year. While he lives, he runs the guild well, having no problems meeting the demands of his members and his suppliers, as well as the Thieves' Guild.

The top floor of the building is a workshop where Janos and other senior guild members mix their dyes and inks, often trying out a new mix to see what happens. The general result of these experiments is a dismal flop, but every so often, a useful discovery is made.

The Dye and Ink Makers' Guild has no real enemies in Lankhmar, and few would dare to steal from them or damage their property. Most powerful wizards, white and black, as well as the Thieves' Guild and the Slayers' Brotherhood, are regular customers who would take it personally if their supplies were disrupted in any way. This unwritten and unspoken threat has kept the guild house safe from harm for as long as anyone can remember. They don't even pay the Thieves' Guild their monthly protection fee directly, but instead give the guild a 25% discount on all purchases intended for Guild use. The discount does not apply to goods purchased by individual thieves for their own use.

No guildmaster has ever attempted to refuse the Thieves' Guild's protection totally, relying on their need of their guild's products to keep their guild safe, but it would be a statement about the current strength of the Thieves' Guild if this were to happen. Perhaps when Janos dies, his successor will try it.

Other shops sell dyes and inks, but none has the guild's stock or any magical inks.

Adventure Hooks.

1. The adventurers need some skin dye in a hurry. As they are not regular customers, the standard answer is that none is available because it is illegal. After the usual bickering and bartering, the party will be told they can have what they need in exchange for some small service.

The service can be to journey into the Great Marsh and collect some rare fungus that grows only on the north side of a certain type of tree (for use in some magical ink), or it could be to chase up some unpaid debts to the guild.

Either way, the dye should be made available after the adventurers have fulfilled their part of the bargain. If the heroes manage to collect on a debt, a reward of one social level, at least among the inhabitants of the Cash District, is in order.

2. Gladar the black wizard is due in tomorrow or the day after to collect his latest batch of special ink. Unfortunately for the guild (and Gladar), some brave or foolish soul has stolen the ink in question.

Janos is desperate to get it back, both for its monetary value and because he (very wisely) doesn't want to annoy Gladar.

In return for finding the missing ink, Janos will pay the finder(s) 200 rilks—no questions asked.

3. A black wizard has hired the party to steal some magical ink that she doesn't want to pay for. The fee is five rilks a piece in advance, plus the promise of 50 more each when the ink is delivered.

Clever heroes will realize that the wizard could buy the ink for less money than that, so there is probably a double-cross coming their way. How they deal with that is up to them, but turning the tables on the wizard (especially if they give the ink back) will gain them a social level each, plus a 20-rilk reward.

The Scribes' Guild

The Scribe's Guild (#22) can be found in the Mercantile District of Lankhmar, on Atheist Avenue. As it is with the Dye and Ink Makers' Guild, the scribes have never paid even one iron tik in protection money to the Thieves' Guild or anyone else. Instead, they give the thieves a 25% discount on guild work.

The scribes offer a unique service in a city where over 90% of the population is illiterate or only barely literate. Most Lankhmarts can read at least a little, but writing is an art taught to few and valued by all. Even the most simple citizen knows the value of the written word, and scribes are held in awe by the general population.

The guild offices are housed in a modest, two-story building set slightly back from the street. The ground floor is the public area, where those who wish to hire a scribe come for help. Scribes looking for work can always be found here, but never more than three or four, since they are very busy people.

The rates for hiring a scribe vary depending on who is available and how big the job is. Scribing is copying a printed page exactly, duplicating lettering styles as well as the words themselves. Copying is much faster, as it only involves duplicating the words, not the layout, of the page in question. In either case, mistakes are not corrected unless the client requests it. Of course, this rarely happens.

Apprentices are free of charge for their work, but they must by law be accompanied by a guild officer who is being paid for his services. Apprentices can scribe as many as two pages per day, or copy up to 15 pages. They cannot copy magical writing. There is always an apprentice available.

Journeyman can be hired for one silver smerduk per scribed page or one bronze agol per copied page. A journeyman can scribe as many as four pages per day or copy up to 40 pages. There is a 50% chance of a journeyman being available at any time. Journeymen cannot copy magical writings.

Guild officers cost one gold rilk per scribed page or two bronze agols per copied page. Officers can be accompanied by a single apprentice if the client requests that this be so. An officer can scribe up to seven pages a day, or copy up to 65 pages. They can do this even if they are instructing an apprentice. Officers can copy magical writings provided they have complete peace and quiet, no apprentices present, and are paid a minimum of two gold rilks per page. No more than eight magical pages can be copied by a guild officer in one day.

There is a 25% chance of a guild officer being available for hire.

The guildmaster is rarely available for hire, except to people like the Overlord. He charges two gold rilks per page written or copied, five if the work is magical. The guildmaster can scribe up to eight pages in one day or copy up to 80 pages. If the work being copied is magical, only 10 pages may be copied in one day.

The second floor of the building is where the guildmaster lives and where most guild administration is done. There are a few small offices near the stairs, and a storage room which is used mostly for rare or magical inks and the more expensive parchments. The rest of the floor is occupied by the guildmaster's residence.

The current master of the Scribes' Guild is Dreekan, a middle-aged man of nondescript appearance, but with a keen mind and a firm hand.

Dreekan took the reins when the previous guildmaster died without an heir, for in the Scribes' Guild, the position of guildmaster is inherited. When the position became vacant, Dreekan won the ballot by a landslide, as he had no real enemies at the time. That was three years ago, and he still has no obvious foes.

Andreah, Dreekan's wife, is a pert and perky woman who enjoys her station as a guildmaster's wife. She is not overly demanding and was used to making do before Dreekan became guildmaster. She still dresses in common clothes.

The couple has two children, both girls. Until recently, this had been their only complaint with life in Lankhmar. The male-dominated society insists on sons to inherit just about anything, so either Leena (16) or Luana (14) will need to marry a suitable man in order that the guild remain in the family. This isn't an urgent problem, as Dreekan has more than a few good years left in him.

Of far more concern at present is the demand from the Thieves' Guild for protection money like everyone else pays, instead of the long-standing discount arrangement. There was no warning, just a sudden demand for three hundred rilks a month to ensure no damage to the guild house or thefts of the valuables stored there.

Dreekan has been resisting the demands, making the same arguments that have held sway since the dim past, but his time is running out. Recently, rocks were thrown through the ground-floor windows, closely followed by a final warning to pay up or face the consequences.

Dreekan called a meeting of all the guild officers. They unanimously agreed not to pay the money unless the Thieves' Guild agreed to pay a premium on all work done for them. The response was an axe through the guild house door late at night.

At a later meeting of the guild officers, they decided to pay the protection money, but to seek ways to get it back from the Thieves' Guild. The only alternative is to increase service fees by at least 10%.

The Scribes' Guild is now actively looking for ways to recover their protection money from the Thieves' Guild and are even considering the suggestion that they organize a mass rebellion of all the businesses in the Mercantile District. This would mean convincing everyone to refuse to pay their protection money to the Thieves' Guild. It would also require that alternative protection be arranged for the district to resist the thieves' retaliation, protection that might not be a whole lot less expensive, at least in the short run.

Adventure Hooks.

1. The Thieves' Guild has learned of the scribes' plan to organize a revolt, and they want it nipped in the bud. A visit to the scribes' headquarters has been arranged for two nights hence to "explain" things. Naturally, the scribes have been expecting such a visit since the trouble began.

The party can take either side of this argument, protecting the scribes or trying to wreck their headquarters. Anyway, the other side should be slightly better off, either with more people or higher-level people. This should ensure that the adventurers will have to earn any victory.

Payment for their services should be one or two rilks each for a night's work, plus an increase of one social level if the party wins the day.

2. Midnight has heard of the scribes' plan and is keen to support it. Her friends in the Mercantile District (the Night Crew), control the area the Scribes' Guild is in, and they are recruiting new members as fast as they can.

Even so, they are checking backgrounds to ensure no Thieves' Guild plants make it into their ranks.

The going rate is two silver smerduks a week, but worthy recruits can negotiate for more. The duties of gang members are to protect "their" property which includes all the businesses that pay protection to the gang instead of the Thieves' Guild.

The first two or three skirmishes should be easy victories for the Night Crew, since the thieves don't expect organized resistance. Once they learn how tough it will be, the streets will run with blood until the Night Crew is wiped out, the thieves decide to cut their losses, or the authorities are moved to intervene before too many taxpayers get killed.

Outstanding service to Midnight or the Night Crew should earn a cash bonus.

The Toy Makers' Guild

In any city or town on any world in the multi-verse, children will have their toys. Why should the City of Sevenscore Thousand Smokes be any different? Toy shops in Lankhmar are not uncommon, and the best known is Genati's on Silver Street in the Mercantile District (#23).

Genati's takes up the entire ground floor of a huge, ramshackle, five-story building where children of all ages can find a toy to please them. The simplest toys cost only a few iron tiks, and the most elaborate toys can cost up to one whole glulditch. Most toys range from one or two bronze agols to a gold rilk or two.

Genati himself is a kindly man in his late middle-age, with a twinkling smile and a soft heart. He genuinely loves children, but he never had any of his own. In his secret heart of hearts, he harbors the hope that he may someday still realize this lifelong dream.

Most toys in the shop, even dolls, are made of wood with cloth for decoration. Metal toys are very rare and quite expensive. Toys made of bone or other unusual materials are uncommon but certainly not unheard of. As in any toy shop, dolls are a big favorite with the girls. Except for the rag dolls, these have wooden bodies and heads with horsehair wigs. Remnants from milliners are used to make their clothes.

Among the boys, it's wooden swords and shields. Many of the shields are highly decorated, more so than many a knight's. The fancier shields even have a ribbon attached to them, to represent the "lady" the "knight" is fighting for.

If anyone in Lankhmar needs a special toy for any occasion, Genati is the man to see. If you can describe the toy to him, he can build it for you—at a price, of course.

The offices of the guild are above Genati's shop. The current guildmaster is Andreas. He is about 35, and also has a soft spot for children. Unlike Genati, Andreas has children. His two daughters are named Lesha and Mandre.

Andreas knows that Genati lets the poor children play with the toys. Andreas hasn't said anything, though, because he knows no real harm is being done and he values Genati's efforts on behalf of the guild. No sales are being lost. The children could never pay for the toys themselves anyhow, nor is it likely that their parents could find the means for such things within their all-too-meager budgets.

Andreas is a keen bargainer and has done wonders for guild prices since he took on the job of guildmaster. Sadly, many members of the guild have chosen to keep the savings themselves instead of making the toys more affordable for the children of Lankhmar.

The third floor is a storehouse for raw materials. It is here the guild keeps the supplies for its members: wood, paint, hair, cloth, metal eyes, screws and nails, glue—the list goes on. Almost anything a guild member needs to make toys can be bought here.

The top two floors are the guild's storage space for surplus toys. During big festivals, these toys are brought out and taken to the Festival District where they are sold to visitors for outrageous prices. In between festivals, the toy makers continue working on their creations and storing their wares above Genati's shop.

Once a year, on High Astorian, the poor children of the city are given two toys each from whatever toys are in the warehouse. This was a tradition started by the toy maker Verria and picked up on by most of the other toy makers in the City of the Black Toga. It is the kind of public relations that no modern advertising campaign could compete with.

In the week or two after "the big giveaway," sales in most toy shops increase by at least a third. During this time, the children from the wealthier families become more and more strident in their complaints that the poor children have nice new toys and they don't. This hasn't endeared the guild to the hearts of most of the wealthier parents, but the poor children of the city are sure the toy shops are straight from heaven.



Adventure Hooks

It has come to the attention of the authorities that a number of children from rich families have taken ill and, in most cases, died. An investigation has revealed the only common thread in each case to be that each child received a new toy from Genati's shop a day or two before falling ill.

Further investigations revealed poison in the paint of about two-thirds of the toys in the shop that cost more than five rilks.

Genati was arrested and charged with murder. He is to be executed in three days. Andreas is sure Genati is innocent and wants to hire a party of adventurers to prove this or to break Genati out of the prison before the fateful day. He will pay 10 rilks per person, plus expenses.

The culprit is a paint maker called Jerald, who sold the paint to the guild. Only one tin was poisoned, and Jerald neither knew nor

cared who eventually used it, or on which toys. He hates all children and wants to hurt them any way he can.

Verria is silently fuming about Genati. She is sure he is innocent, but she wants to know who the perpetrator is. She wants that person dead because they thought of a way to make deadly toys that she didn't, and she doesn't welcome competition. So Verria has both the Slayers' Brotherhood and the Thieves' Guild working on the problem of who really did it, and she will secretly feed information to the party. She doesn't particularly care if they save Genati or not, but she wants the real offender found and punished.

Success in this mission means finding the real killer. That will bring a bonus of 20 rilks per person as a reward from the city, plus a rise of one or two social levels, depending on whether Genati is saved or not. The most important thing is proving his innocence, even if that happens after he dies.

The Society of Joyous and Sorrowful Comedians, Rapturous Playactors, Graceful Dancers, and Melodious Songsters

The Festival District is so named for its many festive events, carnivals, festivals, fairs and circuses—and what is a festival without entertainers? This is where the Society of Joyous and Sorrowful Comedians, Rapturous Playactors, Graceful Dancers, and Melodious Songsters fit in. Its members provide all manner of entertainment.

As the guild name is such a mouthful, it is almost always shortened, and what it happens to be called depends on who is speaking. Actors call it the Actors' Guild, comedians refer to it as the Comedians' Society, dancers term it the Dancers' Guild, and songsters signify it as either the Vocalists' Union or the Bards' Enclave. Guild officers always use the full name. The sign above the guild offices (#15 in the Festival District) bears no words but four pictures, one each of the professions represented by the guild.

Of all the guilds housed in the Festival District, this is by far the largest. There are over 1000 members of the society, from the lowliest apprentice bard to the city's Poet Laureate. All are hard-working folk, since entertaining is a business in which the performers survive due to both their talent and effort. The more effort and talent, the more the reward at the end of the performance. A juggler of medium talent can still make a reasonable income if the patter and trimmings are well done. Even a poor juggler can make a good income by pretending that all those dropped balls were deliberate—or by dressing as a clown and making fun of his lack of ability.

Talented jugglers can make their living by tossing all manner of objects above their heads, but they must put in many hours of practice to develop their talent and then to make sure they keep it sharp.

The same principle applies to all the other entertainment professions. At its pinnacle, each of the professions has a city representa-

tive, the finest in not only the city but the whole continent of Lankhmar.

The Poet Laureate

The Poet Laureate is an honored position held for life by the greatest bard in the land. The Laureate's job is to compose odes for the Overlord and to write many of the ruler's public speeches as well. The job is not limited to male bards, only to those whose talent is unmatched. The current Poet Laureate is Moinja, a woman in her mid-thirties and the youngest person ever to hold this position.

Moinja can hold any audience in thrall with her stories, and she puts them all to music. She is an accomplished lyricist, but it is her lute she prefers and with which she is an expert. Her looks are rather plain, but there is a gleam in her brown eyes that warns that this person is not an ordinary woman. Moinja is an accomplished swordswoman as well as a poet and musician. She has had many lovers, but few have lasted more than a week or two, since few male egos can cope with a partner more talented than they.

The Court Jester

In most places, the title of Court Jester goes to a fool or simpleton who is kept around the palace to amuse the staff with his or her antics. In Lankhmar, the title is given to the most accomplished comedian of the region. While not as prestigious as the Poet Laureate, the Court Jester is nevertheless a sought-after position. It is granted to a person for three years. The incumbent is permitted to compete, but by tradition does not. Instead, he or she assists the Overlord and his other advisers in choosing the new Court Jester.

The major difference between the Poet Laureate and the Court Jester is that the Jester's tales are not put to music. If there is music with a Jester's tale, it is in the background.

The current Court Jester is Malloc the Sad, who has been in the job for just over a year. Malloc entertains the palace with his tales of

woe and black humor that cause people to realize how privileged they are, instead of incurring gales of laughter. Malloc is a quiet, introspective man who has few true friends. He is good looking but shy, so he stays away from women, actively avoiding them if need be. He is almost 30 years old, and the only women he trusts are Moinja and his mother.

The Actor Splendide

The title of Actor Splendide is the pinnacle of any actor's career. Like the Court Jester, this title lasts for three years. The Actor Splendide is chosen a year after the Court Jester, on the day after Vermin Day. Unlike the Court Jester and Poet Laureate, the Actor Splendide is not required to live in the Rainbow Palace, although there are rooms available if the incumbent wishes to live there. The duties of the Actor Splendide are mostly to take the lead role in each play performed in the Overlord's gardens for him and his guests.

Nerad is the current Actor Splendide, and he has a year until his term is up. He is not permitted to compete for a second term as Actor Splendide until one full term has expired. He could win the post every second term, but no actor has yet held the position more than twice.

The Danseur Macabre

The position of Danseur Macabre is not limited to women, but no male has ever held it. It is a three-year appointment made on the day after Vermin Day, the year after the Actor Splendide is chosen. The job of the Danseur Macabre is to open and close the entertainment at all of the Overlord's parties and official functions. No person may hold the title more than once, but it is a meal ticket for life. Former title holders are the most sought-after dancers in all of Nehwon, and they can ask almost any price for their services.

Allys is the current Danseur Macabre, and her term began only a month ago. Her predecessor is on a tour of Lankhmar continent,

dancing for all the city leaders. Quarmall is not on the tour plan. The Danseur Macabre lives in the Rainbow Palace.

None of the holders of the four top positions is the leader of the guild. That mundane job falls to another, less-talented member. The rules about the job of guildmaster are very strict. Each of the four major professions gets a turn by rote, for two years. At the end of the eight years, the next term is open to all members, so the minor professions get a chance. After that, the cycle starts again. This strict rule makes it impossible for any faction to seize control of the guild. It's a rule that has ensured the guild remains strong.

The guild owns two buildings on the corner of Festival and Pimp Streets. Each is five stories. The ground floors of both buildings are set up as auditioning areas for those who know what they want or those who want to see what they can pick from. Lists of members looking for work are kept up to date, and only the top four or five from the relevant list are called to audition for a job. This means all members eventually get some work. Those who don't want to look for specific work are free to work the streets as best they can. This keeps food on the table, but the real money comes from private work, either in a play or just a private performance at a party. Private work has two advantages—the pay is better, and it's guaranteed. Rates for hiring guild members are a matter for negotiation. The guild takes a 2% finder's fee, and the performer gets the rest.

The second to fifth floors of the guild's buildings are apartments for hire to guild members at one-third the going rate for rooms in the district. Many single guild members live permanently in the apartments, as there is no incentive to live anywhere else. Only if they wish to get married do they have to leave.

The guild is currently run by Guytha, an actor of some renown who is past his prime. He competed four times for the title of Actor Splendide, but was never chosen.

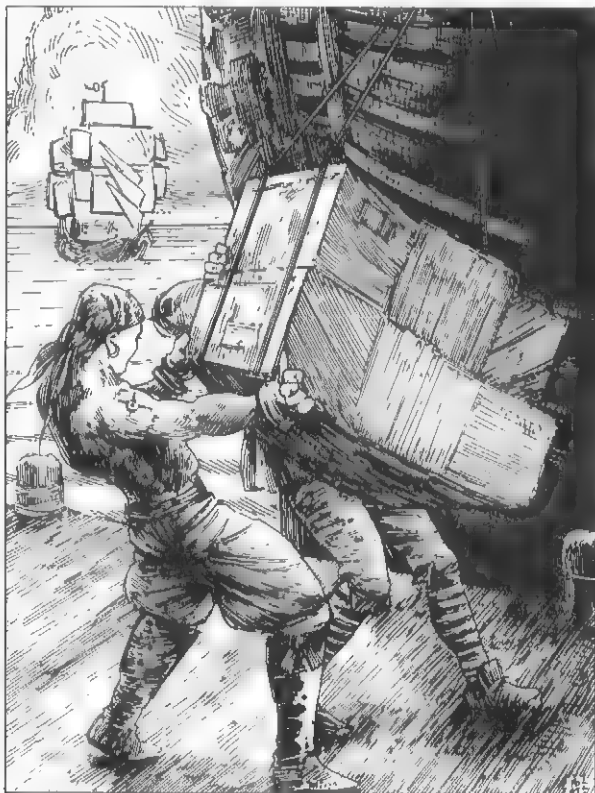
The Deckhands' Guild

The Deckhands' Guild is in a warehouse behind the Steersmen's and Navigators' Guild in the River District (#17). Although in one of the seedier parts of Lankhmar, it's close to where its members work and most often live.

Deckhands are generally long on brawn and short on brains, but not always. They are the people who load and unload ships, keep the decks clear of obstructions, and make sure all the ropes are coiled and the lashings are tight.

There are no written rules about physical requirements for deckhands, but the job makes it difficult for anyone who can't lift more than their own weight.

There is also no written prohibition on women being deckhands. A few women try the job out, and a few of them keep at it. Most find it too difficult physically, as do over half the men who start.



The Deckhands' Guild is one of the four guilds that are tied to the waterfront. Snobbery in the other three guilds—the mariners', the steersmen's and navigators', and the shipwrights'—is a constant source of annoyance to the deckhands, who believe they are every bit as good as their counterparts.

The tension between the deckhands and the other guilds started because of the rule in the Shipwrights' Guild about who could come into their guild house. The deckhands were the only waterfront guild excluded, and they weren't happy about it. On the surface, the guild leaders laughed off the snub by saying they wouldn't want to go in there anyway, but deep down, they were hurt by the exclusion. As on other worlds, Nehwon deckhands and sailors can be very sensitive about certain things.

Deckhands are allowed in the Steersmen's and Navigators' Guild's building, but not on the upper floors. This is not a real problem, since that exclusion applies to all non-members of the guild and even most of their own junior members.

The deckhands' building is a three-story, treated-timber structure that was built to stand the test of time. The ground floor has the guild offices at the rear and a bar in the front. All are welcome in the bar, even shipwrights. It is a place where all seafarers can get together to swap tales over a foaming mug of ale or to splice the main brace with friends. Rum is a popular drink in the bar, and it is sold at one tot for one bronze agol. While you would expect it to be watered down for that price, it isn't. The guild has a special arrangement with the Distillers' Brotherhood that goes back to the beginning of Lankhmar. They get their rum at cost as payment for some service rendered so long ago nobody remembers what it was. Still, the tradition continues to this day.

The second and third floors are used by visiting deckhands from other cities who need a free place to sleep. There are bunks and two washrooms on each floor, but that's all. Sailors must go out for their meals, but

they can drink downstairs. If a deckhand has a few too many, the guild duty staff will haul him or her upstairs to a vacant bunk. In other cities on Nehwon, the local Deckhands' Guild extends the same courtesies to visitors from Lankhmar.

The nature of their work makes deckhands an excellent choice if someone needs to hire a bouncer or bruiser for a night or two. They are generally better behaved than the members of the Slayers' Brotherhood, who have the rights to such jobs, but they will only take work for one or, at most, two nights. If they wanted to be full-time bouncers, they would join the Slayers' Brotherhood.

The Slayers don't like competition and have tried to scare off the deckhands more than once, but it hasn't worked. After a few Slayers were found hanging from cranes with boathooks through their necks, the brotherhood turned a blind eye to most of the deckhands' activities. Every so often, a deckhand out on bouncer duty in an area away from the docks disappears and is found dead a few days later. The situation has settled to where the Slayers avoid the River District. The deckhands very occasionally work in the Cash, Mercantile, Temple, and Noble Districts, but only in large numbers to avoid bloody confrontations.

The Deckhands' Guild is run by Unfrib, an aging deckhand who can no longer tolerate the rigors of the job. He has instituted a number of rules that ensure every guild member gets a fair share of the available work. There is a roster system for jobs in which the top people on the roster get first choice of jobs. They are then put back on the roster at a point that matches the length of the job they just finished. For a one-day job, the member is effectively moved about 10 places down the list. Two-day jobs mean a drop of about 15 to 20 places. A week's work means that the member will be dropped to the very bottom of the list.

Even so, with the work available, it is rare for a deckhand in Lankhmar to be out of work for more than two days.

Adventure Hooks

1. The truce between the Deckhands' Guild and the Slayers' Brotherhood has been broken, and now it's war between them. An adventuring party that has connections with either guild is a target of the other.

Adventurers with ties to neither guild are potential allies, and they can be hired to join the war by whichever side gets to them first. The starting price is one silver smerduk per enemy killed, but both sides will negotiate if the heroes insist.

2. The deckhands have decided to avenge the snubbing they got from the shipwrights. They want the shipwrights' guild house either burned down or the walls smeared with graffiti.

To make sure no blame can be laid on them, the guild is planning a large party the same night the deed is to be done, and they will invite all the other waterfront guilds. The plan is that, while the shipwrights are recovering from the damage, the deckhands will help out as much as they can and prove they are worthy of admission in the halls of the shipwrights.

This is a grand plan that has many holes in it, especially if the hired vandals burn down the guild house and there's someone in it. Even if most of the shipwrights go to the party, which is unlikely, at least one duty officer will be left behind.

Due to the evil nature of this act, most campaigns would rather have the heroes chance upon the vandals and take action accordingly. In this case, the vandals are all low-level thieves who will try to flee or surrender if escape isn't possible. They will also reveal their employer if questioned.

What happens now is up to the party. They can let it slide or confront the deckhands' leaders. Or the Shipwrights' Guild can get the information and take whatever action they deem appropriate. Remember, the deckhands just want recognition.

The Artificers' Guild

The Artificers' Guild (#25) is on Great Gate Road in the Park District of Lankhmar. The guild owns two adjoining buildings near the gate. The first is a four-story tenement which is mostly rented out. Only the second floor is reserved for the guild's offices.

The ground floor is rented by Nothar, a tinker who fancies himself an inventor of wondrous devices. He makes interesting machines, but nothing of world-shattering importance. Although his rather high opinion might be misplaced, his business is successful, since all his machines work well, if strangely, and some people find them useful.

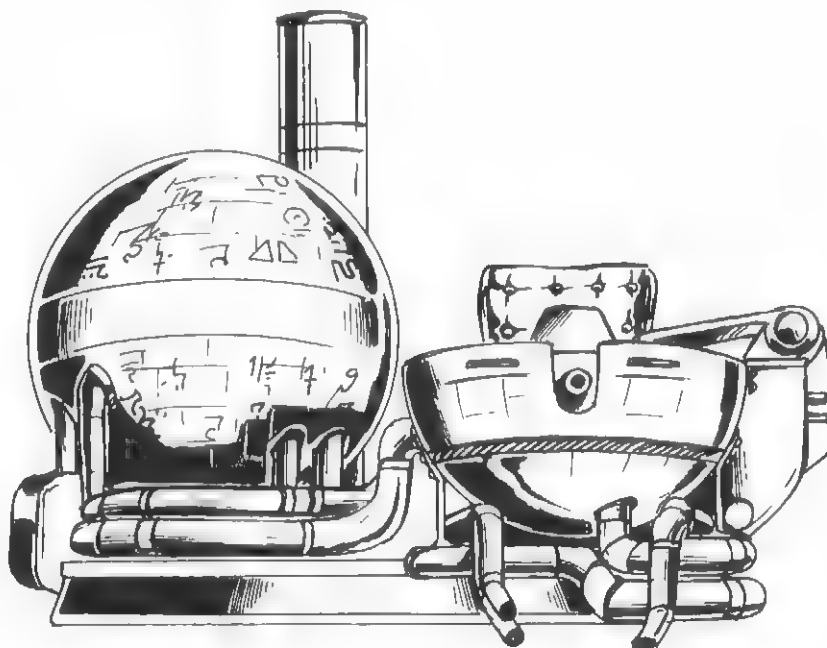
The second of the guild's buildings is a huge barn which is used to test all manner of new inventions brought in by members for certification.

The building is laid out so that any machine which might be dangerous to the observers can be viewed through a system of mirrors

from a well-protected room in the far left corner. The room has no windows, as these could cause an injury in the event of an explosion. Exploding devices are all too common in the test building.

In spite of the many failures the members of the Artificers' Guild experience, each of the members has at least one major success to his or her name. This is a prerequisite to full guild membership. Apprentices may only join the ranks of the journeymen when they build a device (of their own design) that is deemed useful by the full members of the guild and which has a market.

In rare cases, the market may be a single customer—generally the Overlord or one of his lieutenants—but usually there has to be mass appeal for the device. There are no rules about complexity. The lanterns that show a weary traveler the path at night were invented by an artificer, as was the horse-powered machine that grinds grain on some of the farms just outside the city.



Anyone who needs a special-purpose gadget goes to the artificers to get it. The wall of the office contains several lists, each one devoted to an area of work such as metal, glass, or wood. The lists contain names of guild members who might be able or willing to work on a certain sort of device within their particular field. Each list is further divided into three categories of artificers: journeymen, apprentices, and those apprentices seeking to advance to full guild membership.

Journeymen cost two gold rilks per day, plus materials. Apprentices cost only one silver smerduk per day, but they must be accompanied by a journeyman unless they are seeking to become full members. Such apprentices will work for the materials' cost alone, the only time in their lives they will do so.

Naturally, journeymen are more likely to do the job right, but an apprentice wanting to impress his peers may be a bargain if he gets it right or close to right. It's up to the investors how much of a risk they happen to be willing to take.

The guild does not allow female members, at least officially. Unofficially, the leaders know that the keen mind and steady hand of an artificer are not the exclusive province of males, so they allow women to join provided they keep a low profile. When the guild meets, women must be disguised and must also deepen their voices if they wish to address the meeting.

The guildmaster is Menet, a slight man who came up with a device for removing the ordure from the city streets. Although the guild decided there was a market for such a device, the city and its citizens are yet to flood Menet and the guild with orders.

Menet was disappointed in the response to his device, but became philosophical about it all. Since he took over the guild two years ago, it has been a little easier for apprentices to pass their test than in the past. Menet likes to encourage all keen young minds as long as they have made an effort.

Adventure Hooks

1. Heroes that have a need for a device have a need for the guild.

A folding ladder to scale a high wall without being seen, a folding boat to carry on horseback until it's needed, or any other item that might be required can be had at the Artificers' Guild.

Occasionally the guild wants a customer to perform some service for them, such as collecting a debt, in lieu of payment.

The service may also be to test some new device, such as a mechanical grain crusher, with all risks borne by the adventurer. While this is dangerous, it can be very rewarding. If the device works well, or even at all, the tester gets to keep the prototype or sell it and keep the money.

The grain crusher is a large, steel cylinder with a screw inside, like an oversized meat grinder. The grains are fed in the top and make their way down the screw to the crushing rollers at the bottom. A bin underneath the cylinder collects the meal.

2. From time to time, a radical new device comes along that will alter the course of history. In such times, there are those who would steal such a device for their own gain, and in Lankhmar, the Thieves' Guild, the Slayers' Brotherhood, and Midnight's band are all in that category.

As such, the guild often hires guards for the test building, sometimes when there isn't even a test planned. This way, the really important tests aren't immediately obvious to a casual observer.

The rate for guards is six bronze agols per person per day, and contracts are normally for three or four days. If the heroes are hired during a real test, at least one of the thieves' groups will attempt to steal the device. The reward for defeating a robbery or an attack should be a bonus of five gold rilks per person, plus a discount from the guild the next time they want a gadget.

Minor Guilds in the Cash, River, Mercantile, Park, and Festival Districts.

Life in Lankhmar revolves around the various guilds. Many may never figure largely in your characters' lives, but then again, they might. Here is a brief outline of those guilds not featured elsewhere in this book or in the *Lankhmar: City of Adventure* sourcebook.

The Perfumers' Guild

The Perfumers' Guild is a busy, if small, organization. Their headquarters is located in the Cash District, just off Cash Street (#21). The building is a plain-looking, two-story affair, with a perfume shop in the front of the ground floor. The back of the ground floor comprises the guild offices. The upper floor is used for storage of concentrated perfumes as well as temporary accommodation for perfumers and suppliers from out of town.

The current guildmaster is Arret, who has no known enemies. Arret is young for a guildmaster and is likely to be in the job for at least another 30 years if he wants to.

The Sculptor's Guild

Also located in the Cash District is the Sculptors' Guild. They occupy two buildings on the corner of Barter Street and Silver Street (#23). One is fairly large, with four stories and reinforced floors, as the guild offers free storage for unworked blocks of stone. The guild offices are in the smaller building, which is only two stories.

The sculptors are much in demand in the Noble and Temple Districts, but they get their regular income from selling small items in the Festival District or the Plaza of Dark Delights. The sculptors have a friendly but often tense relationship with the Stonemasons' Guild, from which they purchase many of their raw materials. The sculptors consider their less-talented brethren as failures, and this is what generally leads to trouble. Marak is the cur-

rent guildmaster, and he is trying to put an end to the snobbery his members have toward the stonemasons.

The Whitesmiths' Guild

The richest guild in the Cash District is the whitesmiths'. These workers of rare metals have their guild offices in a well-guarded, three-story building on Pimp Street (#22).

The ground floor is a shop in which members can sell their wares. The second floor houses the guild offices, where only records are kept—no valuables of any kind. The top floor is the guildmaster's residence.

The current guildmaster is Lauress, a talented smith who is wasted in an administrative role, but the guild insists that all master smiths take a turn at guildmaster for a year at a time. That way, everybody gets to do what they really want to do—work metals.

The guild has a vault in the basement of their building, in which they keep ingots of rare metals as well as valuable pieces of work. Attempts to bribe the vault's guards are doomed to fail, as the guards are well paid, and they don't know the vault's combination.

The Bakers' Guild

The Festival District is home to the Bakers' Guild, mainly because there are more bakers in that part of the city than any other. Bakers do more than just bake bread. There are cakes and pies and other treats to be prepared for the crowds who come every day for some celebration or other. No baker has ever gone bankrupt in the Festival District, no matter how tough times have been elsewhere.

The headquarters of the guild (#14) does have a small shop on the ground floor, but it is mainly a center for administration, not a retail outlet. The upper floors of the building are rented out to merrymakers, which nets the guild a tidy little profit and helps keep guild fees down. The current guildmaster is Nirav, a portly gentleman who obviously enjoys the fruits of his labors.

Sweetmakers' Guild

The Sweetmakers' Guild is on Festival Street, almost in the middle of the Festival District. It's in a small, two-story building (#13).

The ground-floor shop sells so many kinds of different sweetmeats that it would be impossible to try them all without getting very sick. The daily turnover in this shop averages 40 gold rilks.

The upper floor is where the guild does all its paperwork and orders raw materials for its members' and the guild's candy works. The guild orders over a ton of sugar a month just for their own products.

The buildings directly next to and behind the guild house are connected to it by a second-floor walkway, and they house the guild's candy works. Each journeyman member of the guild has to spend one day a week in the guild works making sweets for the guild shop. There are never less than four journeymen in the candy works, and it operates 24 hours a day.

At the end of the day, the shop's takings are split evenly between the guild and the journeymen who worked in the candy works that day. Officers are not required to labor in the guild works. Apprentices must contribute their day, but they do not share in the day's profits.

Sladar is the current guildmaster, and he is a very wealthy man.

The Carpet Makers' Guild

The Carpet Makers' Guild is located on Craft Street in the Mercantile District (#26). This is not a big guild, as many of the rugs and carpets in Lankhmar are imported from the exotic east. The guild should be called the Carpet Sellers' Guild, although there are some genuine carpet makers in the city.

The guild's building is quite large and appears to be two stories from the outside. In reality, there is only one floor, and its height is filled with neat rows of floor-to-ceiling racks. The building is used as a central warehouse

by the guild members at only a nominal cost. This helps to save on the cost of moving the carpets from the seller to the buyer. The office at the front of the building takes dues and handles looking after the warehouse stocks.

The current guildmaster is Armien, but his term runs out in six months when an election will be held for a new guildmaster. They are elected for three years, and no member may be guildmaster for more than three consecutive terms, nor for more than eight terms in his lifetime. As this is his first term ever, Armien will likely run again. He has done a good job, so his chances of being re-elected are also good.

The Potters' Guild

The Potters' Guild of Lankhmar is housed in two buildings on the corner of Craft and Gold Streets (#27 in the Mercantile District). The buildings sit on either side of an alleyway and are connected by a second-floor walkway.

Both buildings are three stories high, but their uses are very different.

The main building, right on the corner, has a pottery shop on the ground floor which is run by the guild. Many potters who have neither the time nor the inclination to run their own shops sell their wares here. The guild takes a 25% commission on all sales.

The second floor is the guild's administration area, where the senior members meet to plan quotas, set prices, and do other guild business. There is also a workshop on this floor where itinerant potters or guild officers can work. Itinerants must pay a nominal fee for the use of the workshop.

The third floor contains several apartments for visiting potters from other cities. These are free by reciprocal rights agreements with Potters' Guilds in those far-away cities.

Unlike most guilds, the Potters' Guild does not have a designated guildmaster. The potters are led by a triumvirate of senior potters instead.

The Thinkers' Fraternity

The Thinkers' Fraternity lies on the outskirts of the Mercantile District and is perhaps one of the oddest guilds in a city where guilds are the only way of life for most people. It's name causes some confusion. After all, everyone thinks, so how can such a thing be guilded? The Thinkers' Fraternity is the guild for historians and scholars—those who believe in knowledge for its own sake.

In keeping with the generally low income of its members, the fraternity is housed in modest quarters on the Street of Thinkers (#21). As to the question of whether the street was named after the fraternity or vice versa, opinions are deeply divided.

By its very nature, the Thinkers' Fraternity can have no "master." All members take part in the decision-making process, and all take a turn at chairing meetings.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the Thinkers' Fraternity is that it isn't really a fraternity at all. Discrimination on the basis of gender is anathema to all clear thinkers, so the fraternity is open to men and women alike. It is the only guild in the city which treats all members exactly the same.

The Glass Blowers' Guild

The Park District is well populated with minor guilds that want to be close to the big money of the Festival District, but can't afford to rent or buy property there. The Glass Blowers' Guild is one of those organizations.

They have a small storefront right on the edge of the Festival District, but still in the Park District (#18). The storefront is in the ground floor of a tenement, and the guild offices are in the back of the store. It's a haphazard place most of the time, and the guild is in need of an efficient record keeper. The last time anyone can remember, the guildmaster was Klader, but that could have changed without anyone really noticing. In spite of this, the store sells some of the finest blown glass in Nehwon.

The Lamplighters' Guild

The Lamplighters' Guild is very important to all festivals, since many parades take place at night and the street lamps are often multi-colored or specially decorated.

The guild's headquarters is a small building on Festival Street, in the Park District (#19). It is a single-story building, and it is closed to the public. Only guild members are permitted inside. Each evening, a half hour before dusk, some of the guild members assemble to be given their tasks for the evening. There are about 200 members, most of whom have regular beats in the city. These members do not normally attend the meetings, which are for those members chosen to do the Festival District lamps for the night.

Amberlil is the current guildmaster, and it is his job to make sure the festival lights are arranged and lit properly every night.

The Paper Millers' Guild

On Grain Street, away from all the fuss of merrymaking, is the Paper Millers' Guild (#21 in the Park District). The guild house is purely administrative. All the guild's products are sold directly to the Scribes' Guild or other paper users. The guild's rooms on the first floor of this five-story building are not large enough to use a storehouse either. Most members visit the office only once a month to pay their dues. Since not everyone's dues fall on the same day, there is seldom enough money in the office to make it worth thinking about as a target for burglary.

Werkut is the guildmaster, a position he inherited from his father and will pass on to his oldest son.

The Rope Makers' Guild

In contrast, the rope makers have ample room for storage, as well as a large room in which guild members make ropes. The guild owns two buildings on Grain Street, almost in the Cash District (#16 in the Park District). This

was as close as they could get such large buildings to the docks, where the majority of the guild's customers come from. Of course, the city is also a regular customer, since all public hangings are carried out with a brand new, hemp rope.

The guild complex consists of the offices and "shop" on the ground floor of the smaller of their two buildings, with quarters and storage areas on its upper floors. There is a huge loft for rope making and storage of large coils in the big building. From the outside, both buildings are three stories.

Gintar is the guildmaster for now, until someone challenges him to a contest of rope-making skills and defeats him. Such contests are judged by the guild members.

The Shoemakers' Guild

The Shoemakers' Guild has a small office right next door to the Leatherworkers' Guild, on Ox Cart Road (#23 in the Park District). There is no cobbler in the guild building. It serves only for guild business between the members and suppliers of leather and other raw materials used in shoemaking.

There is a cobbler's shop on the ground floor of the building next door, on the other side from the leatherworkers', but it is not run by the Shoemakers' Guild. Naturally, the proprietor, Oleg, is a guild member.

The shoemakers have close ties with the leatherworkers, and the two guilds often buy their leather together to drive a harder bargain for the benefit of both. Any saving from discounts are normally not passed on to the guild members. Instead, they are kept in each guild's collective funds.

The current guildmaster is Kyrec, a jovial man with a balding pate that makes him look like a medieval friar. Kyrec is in his early thirties and runs a business in the Festival District. He has a wife and four children. None of the tykes are old enough to help out in the shop yet, but the oldest boy is showing a keen interest in following in his father's footsteps, so to speak.

The Spinners' and Weavers' Guild

Just off the park for which the district is named is the Spinners' and Weavers' Guild (#17). The guild occupies all of the large building overlooking the park, and several guild members run their businesses here.

The guild allows female members, but they are not allowed to become the guildmaster. They can be guild officers. About two-thirds of the members of this guild are women.

The guild's day-to-day business is carried out on the ground floor. Bolts and bundles of cloth fill most of the space.

The second floor is split into two sections. The part closest to the park runs all the way along that side of the building, and the outer walls are lined with large windows. The other half of the floor is split into five studios where guild members do their work.

The third and fourth floors are similar to the second, but each has only three studios. Since these studios are larger and the view is better, these upper-floor spots cost more to rent than the second-floor studios.

The Coopers' Guild

The River District mainly houses those guilds who make their living by trade on the water. An exception to this is the Coopers' Guild, which is in the south docks area (#14).

The guild members have set up their offices and sales areas near the docks because many of their wares go onto the ships that ply their trade out of Lankhmar. Even those who want barrels or casks for other uses are not inconvenienced much, as they come straight up Grain Street from the main gate. As one of the widest streets in Lankhmar, Grain Street is ideal for any merchant's wagon. Local customers can have their orders delivered to their premises by the toters and carters, who make a reasonable income from the coopers.

Barrels and casks of all shapes and sizes can be made to order. Most are not caulked, as the wood swells and seals when it gets wet, but caulking can be done for a fee.

Most of the mini-adventures presented in this book are intended for low- to mid-level characters. Details for opponents have purposely been presented sketchily to allow you to tailor them to suit the characters in your campaign. Even high-level parties can be challenged by these adventures if you increase the number or toughness of the opponents. Specific treasure is also left up to you in most cases, but remember to keep magical items to a minimum. Anything more than a +1 weapon or a low-powered wand should be a major find.

In almost every case, the adventures and the guilds are male dominated. This is a fact of life in Lankhmar and does not reflect the attitudes of the people who have worked on this book. Female adventurers have a tough time in this world, which makes playing female heroes all the more challenging.

But what if the adventures don't seem to suit your particular campaign at all? Suppose your group dislikes doing work for hire or their alignments or guild memberships or religious beliefs conflict with the adventure. How do you get something useful out of this book?

You start by realizing that there are at least two sides to every story.

Most of the adventures in this book give you the option of bringing the party in on either side of the adventure, and you can do the same for the ones that don't specifically tell you how to. With a little work and some creative thinking, any situation or adventure can be played from a number of sides. It's up to you to provide the catalyst.

Groups that don't work for hire need to be shown, gently, that every adventure they go on is work for hire, even if they are simply "hiring" themselves. There is no shame in taking pay in return for services rendered. It is how most fantasy heroes survive from day to day. All adventurers, even Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, need some money to survive, and it's often easier to earn it than to steal it. This is especially true in Lankhmar, where freelance theft is frowned upon by the Guild.

More Hints

If you think none of these adventures fit your group, look at other modules for ideas on how to twist these adventures to suit your campaign. The mini-campaign in *Slayers of Lankhmar* is a good example of how this can be done.

Slayers of Lankhmar details a manhunt in which the heroes are among the hunters. It also details what to do if they befriend the fugitive rather than kill him during the course of the game. But what if they start the adventure as friends of the fugitive? They could pretend to join the manhunt and keep an eye on all the other hunters to ensure his escape, or they could actively defend the fugitive against whoever finds him.

The most important thing in adapting any adventure to your campaign is to keep the heroes constantly challenged. A campaign which is too easy will quickly become boring for both you and the players, and one which kills characters off on a regular basis is disheartening for everyone involved. The name of the game is to have fun, and that includes you as well as your players.

Sure, you can kill them all with a nasty monster or three, but you'll soon have no players left. Or you can give them loads of treasure and magical items so they can take over not just Lankhmar city, but the whole of Nehwon. But what do you do then?

You need to strike a balance. This is not always easy to do. In fact, it's a real juggling act, and you're bound to drop a few balls from time to time. Just keep smiling, pick them up and have at it again.

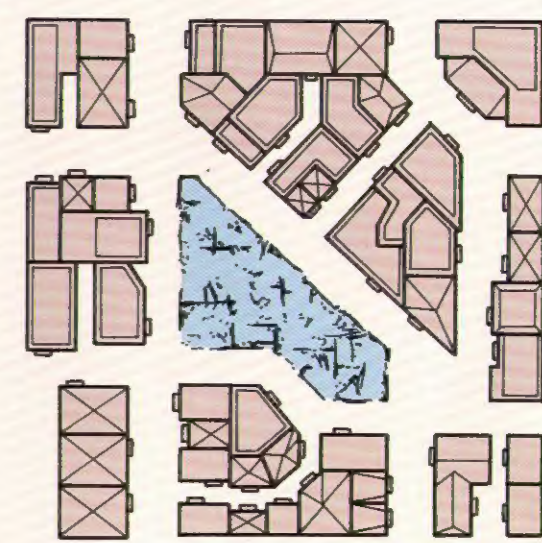
Everything in this book has been written to help make the campaign more realistic by providing numerous NPCs for the heroes to interact with and dozens of places to have these exchanges in. Feel free to alter whatever you need or want to so that your campaign stays true to what the group wants from gaming, and you'll enjoy playing in these newly detailed parts of Lankhmar as much as we've enjoyed describing them for you.

Cash, Festival, Mercantile, Park and River Districts

Details of establishments can be found in Lankhmar City of Adventure product.

Lankhmar City Geomorphs

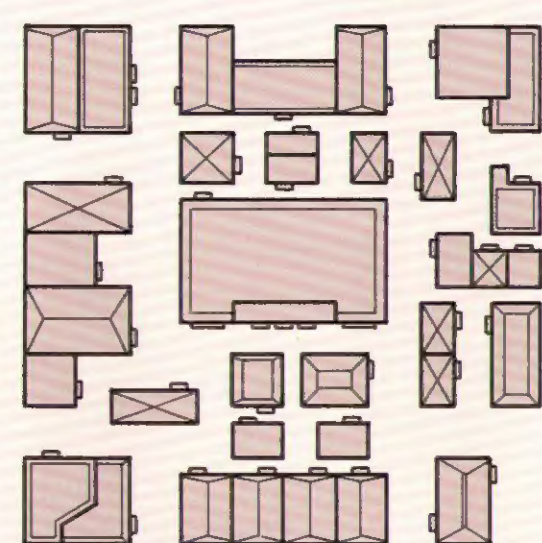
Behind the main streets of Lankhmar and the buildings which line these thoroughfares, the alleyways grow dark and twisted, and there are often surprises for travelers and natives alike. The blank spaces at the heart of each city block permit the Dungeon Master to decide which of the different geomorphic maps best suits the adventure, changing the environs of Lankhmar as needed. Here are several new geomorphs to add to those geomorphs found in the City of Adventure product, which the Dungeon Master may use to make any adventure in the Cash, Festival, Mercantile, Park and River Districts a surprise for novice as well as veteran heroes.



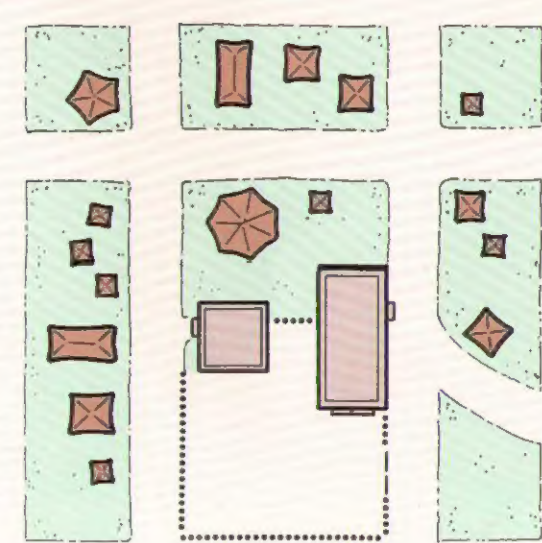
Low Class Residential Geomorph



Park District Geomorph



Business District Geomorph



Mercantile District

- 1 The Goose Downs Apartments
- 2 Gems and Jewelry Shop
- 3 Carroway the Cartographer Mapmaker's Shop
- 4 The Needle's Point Jewelry and Tattoo Shop
- 5 Toy Shop
- 6 House of Red Lanterns Brothel
- 7 The Rat's Nest Tavern
- 8 Blacksmiths' Guild House
- 9 Sweetshop Candymaker Shop
- 10 Wig Shop
- 11 The Golden Globe Glassblower's Shop
- 12 Financier Moneylender's Shop
- 13 House of Knowledge Sage's Shop
- 14 Merchants' Consortium Guild House
- 15 Artful Hands Apartments
- 16 The Whistling Fish Tavern
- 17 Herald's and Messengers' Guild House
- 18 House of Knives Shop
- 19 Bistro the Potter Shop
- 20 Barrister's Office
- 21 The Thinkers' Fraternity Guild House
- 22 The Scribes' Guild House
- 23 The Toy Makers' Guild House
- 24 The Red Scarves' Gang Headquarters
- 25 House of Tilor Merchant Headquarters
- 26 The Carpet Makers' Guild House
- 27 The Potters' Guild House
- 28 The Trading Post Merchant Headquarters

Park District

- 1 Carpenters' Cadre Guild House
- 2 The Jewelers' Guild House
- 3 Snarve's House Private Dwelling
- 4 Tailors' Guild House
- 5 Park of Pleasure Park
- 6 The Blue Moon Tavern
- 7 Astrologers' Consortium Guild House
- 8 The Wheel of Fortune Gambling House
- 9 Tenement Apartments
- 10 Wainwrights' Guild House
- 11 Guard Barracks Dwelling
- 12 The Gold Rilk Tavern
- 13 The Grain Gate Fortress and City Gate
- 14 The Forge Blacksmith's Shop
- 15 The South Barracks Dwelling
- 16 The Rope Makers' Guild House
- 17 The Spinners' and Weavers' Guild House
- 18 The Glass Blowers' Guild House
- 19 The Vintners' Guild House
- 20 The Lamplighters' Guild House
- 21 The Paper Millers' Guild House
- 22 Indego the Fence Pawnshop
- 23 The Shoemakers' Guild House
- 24 The Leatherworkers' Guild House
- 25 The Artificers' Guild House

River District

- 1 Warehouses Goods Storage
- 2 Shipwrights' Guild House
- 3 The Great Silos Grain Storage
- 4 Steersman and Navigators' Guild House
- 5 Mariners' Guild House
- 6 Hester's House Private Dwelling
- 7 Temple of Tyaa Temple
- 8 Mualsh's House Private Dwelling
- 9 Shipwrights' Office
- 10 Hisvin's House Private Dwelling
- 11 City Jail Prison
- 12 Punishment Square Public Pillory
- 13 The Worn Bollard Tavern
- 14 The Coopers' Guild House
- 15 The Dog of the Sea Tavern
- 16 The Swinging Lantern Brothel
- 17 The Deckhands' Guild House

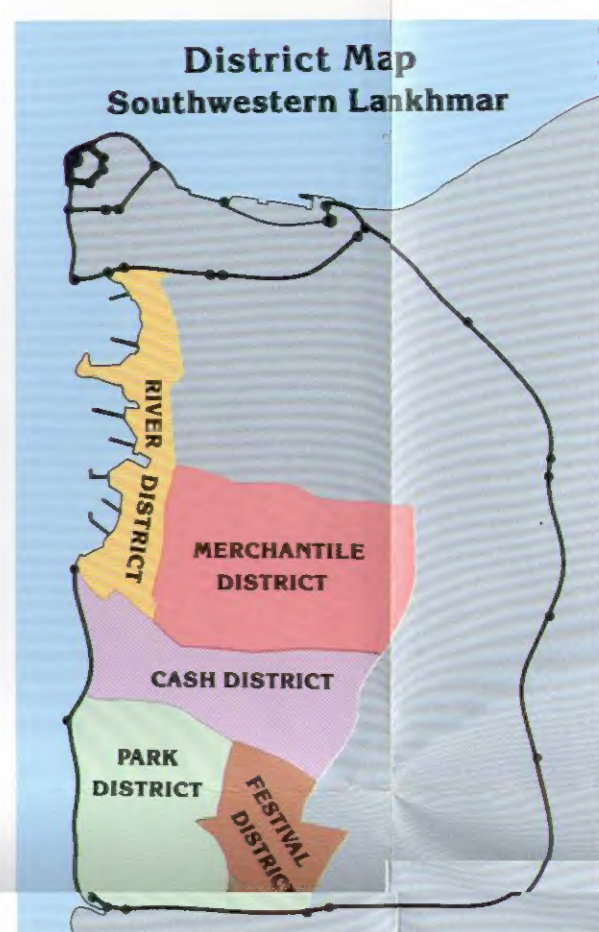
Map Key:

Cash District

- 1 Moneylenders' Guild House
- 2 Guard Barracks Dwelling
- 3 Rokkermas and Slaarg Sculptors' Shop
- 4 The First Steps Outfitter's Shop
- 5 Silversmith Shop
- 6 The Golden Lamprey Tavern
- 7 Jengao's House Private Dwelling
- 8 The Clean Chin Barber's and Undertaker's
- 9 The Horse and Cart Eatery
- 10 Fleeria's House of Pleasure Brothel
- 11 Writer Private Dwelling
- 12 Slayern's Brotherhood Guild House
- 13 House of the Bear Tavern and Gambling House
- 14 Marron's Fine Goods Dry Goods Shop
- 15 Tantha's Pets Shop
- 16 Dyers' Shop and Laundry
- 17 The Broken Wheel Pawnshop
- 18 The Fences' Guild House
- 19 The Dye and Ink Makers' Guild House
- 20 Nonbarget the Fence Pawnshop
- 21 The Perfumers' Guild House
- 22 The Whitesmith's Guild House
- 23 The Sculptors' Guild House

Festival District

- 1 Order of the Apothecaries' Guild House
- 2 Carnival Costumes Shop
- 3 The Black Rose Apothecary's and Herbalist's Shop
- 4 The City Market Marketplace
- 5 Spire of Rhan Monument
- 6 Yun's Bakery
- 7 Animal Handlers' Guild House
- 8 The Jolly Otter Inn
- 9 Lamps and Torches Shop
- 10 Tossig's Den Burlesque House
- 11 Black Nag Stables
- 12 The Carved Idol Tavern
- 13 The Sweetmakers' Guild House
- 14 The Bakers' Guild House
- 15 The Society of Joyous and Sorrowful Comedians, Rapturous Playactors, Graceful Dancers, Melodious Songsters Guild House
- 16 The Laughing Clown Tavern
- 17 Scarface Pawnshop
- 18 The Coocon Inn



KEY

- City Wall and Tower
- Roof Bridge
- Stairways
- Water
- Major Wells

0 150 300 Feet





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by "Uncle" Wes Nicholson

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